Iter Boreale.

With other Select

POEMS:

BEING

An EXACT COLLECTION
of all hitherto Extant.

And some Added:

Never Printed before this Year, 1671.

The Author R. *Wild*, D. D.

LONDON,
Printed for *R. R.* and *W. C.* and are to be sold
in St. *Pauls* Church-yard, and at
the Exchange, 1671.

4 NOV 1936
LIBRARY

Iter Boreale.

Attempting something upon the Successful and Matchless March of the LORD GENERAL GEORGE MONCK, From SCOTLAND to LONDON, in the Winter, 1659.

I.

THe day is broke! *Melpomene*, be gone;
Hag of my Fancy, let me now alone;
Night-mare my Soul no more; Go take thy flight
Where Traitors Ghosts keep an eternal night;
Flee to Mount *Caucasus*, and bear thy part
With the black fowl that tears *Prometheus* heart,
For his bold Sacriledg? Go fetch the groans
Of defunct Tyrants, with them croke thy Tones;

Go see *Alecto* with her flaming whip,
How she firks *Nol*, and makes old *Bradshaw* skip;
Go make thy self away, — Then shalt no more
Choak up my Scandish with the blood and gore
Of English Tragedies: I now will chuse
The merriest of the nine to be my Muse:
And come what will, I'le scribble once again:
The brutish Sword hath cut the nobler Vein
Of racy Poetry. Our small-drink-times
Must be contented, and take up with Rhimes.
They'r sorry toyes from a poor Levites pack,
Whose Living and Assessments drink no Sack.
The Subject will excuse the Verse (I trow)
The Ven'sons fat, although the crust be dough.

II.

He who whileom sate and sung in Cage
My kings and Countries Ruines by the rage
Of a rebellious Rout; who weeping saw
Three goodly Kingdoms (drunk with fury) draw
And sheath their Swords (like three enraged bro[thers]
In one anothers sides, ripping their Mothers [then]
Belly, and tearing out her bleeding heart;
Then jealous that their father fain would part
Their bloody fray, and let them fight no more,
Fell foul on him, and slew at His dore.
I that have only dar'd to whisper Verses,
And drop a tear (by stealth) on loyal Hearses;

That enrag'd at the *Times* and *Rump*,
Had gnaw'd my Goose-quill to the very stump,
And flung that in the Fire, no more to write,
But to sit down poor *Britains Heraclite*,
Now sing the triumphs of the Men of War,
The Glorious Rayes of the bright Northern Star,
Created for the nonce by Heaven to bring
The wise men of three Nations to their King:
MONCK! the great *Monck!* that syllable outshines
Plantagenet's bright Name, or *Constantine's*.
'Twas at His Rising that *Our Day* began,
Be he the *Morning Star* to *CHARLES* our *Sun*.
He took Rebellion rampant, by the throat,
And made the Canting *Quaker* change his Note;
His hand it was that wrote, (we saw no more)
Exit Tyrannus over *Lambert's* dore.

Like to some subtle Lightning, so his Words
Dissolved in their Scabbards Rebels Swords.
He with success the *Sovereign* skill hath found
To dress the Weapon, and to heal the wound.
George, and his Boys (as Spirits do, they say)
Only by walking, scare our Foes away.

III.

OLd *Holofernes* was no sooner laid,
Before the Idols Funeral Pomp was paid,

(Nor shall a penny e're be paid for me;
Let fools that trusted his true Mourners be,)
Richard the Fourth, just peeping out of Squire,
No fault so much as th'old one was his Sire;
For men believ'd,—though all went in his Name,
Hee'd be but Tenant till the Landlord came:
When on a sudden (all amaz'd) we found
The seven years *Babel* tumbled to the ground;
And he, poor heart, (thanks to his cunning Kin)
Was soon in *Purpo* honest *Dick* agen.
Exit Prettior.——What comes next? I trow,
Let the State-Huntsmen beat again.——So-ho,
Cries *Lambert*, Master of the Hounds,—Here sits
That lusty Puss, *The Good Old Cause*,—whose wits
Shew'd *Oliver* such sport; That, that (cries *Vane*)
Let's put her up, and run her once again:
She'l lead our Dogs and Fellowers up and down,
Whilst we match Families, and take the Crown.
Enter th'old Members: 'Twas the Month of *May*
These Maggots in the *Rump* began to play:
Wallingford Anglers (though they stunck) yet thought
They would make baits, by which Fish might be
And so it prov'd, they soon by taxes made (caught;
More money than the *Holland* Fishing Trade.

IV.

NOw broke in *Egypts* Plagues (all in a day)
And one more worse than theirs,—We must
not pray To

To be deliver'd :—Their ſcab'd folks were free
To ſcratch where it did itch ;—So might not we.
That Meteor *Cromwil*, though he ſcar'd, gave light ;
But we were now cover'd with horrid night :
Our Magiſtracy was (like *Moſes* Rod)
Turn'd to a Serpent by the angry God.
Poor Citizens, when Trading would not do,
Made brick without ſtraw', and were baſted too :
Struck with the botch of Taxes and Exciſe ;
Servants (*our very duſt*) were turn'd to *Lice* ;
It was but turning *Souldiers*, and they need
Not work at all, but on their Maſters feed.
Strange Caterpillars ate our pleaſant things ;
And Frogs croakt in the Chambers of our Kings :
Black bloody veins did in the *Rump* prevail,
Like the Philiſtins Emrods in the Tayle.
Lightning, Hail, Fire, and Thunder *Egypt* had,)
And *England* Guns, *Shot*, Powder, (that's as bad,)
And that *Sea*-Monſter *Lawſon* (if withſtood)
Threatned to turn our Rivers into Blood. (fell
And (Plague of all theſe Plagues) all theſe Plagues
Not on an *Egypt*, but our *Iſrael*.

V.

SIck (as her heart can hold) the Nation lies,
Filling each corner with her hideous cries :
Sometimes Rage (like a burning Fever) heats,
Anon Deſpair brings cold and clammy *Sweats* ;

She

She cannot sleep; or if she doth she dreams
Of Rapes, Theafts, Burnings, Blood; and direfi
Toffes from side to side, then by and by (theami
Her feet are laid there where the Head did lie:
None can come to her but bold Empericks,
Who never meant to cure her but try tricks:
Thofe very *Doctors*: who should give her eafe,
(God help the *Patient*) was her worft difeafe.
Th' *Italian* Mountebanck (*Vane*) tells her fure
Jefuits Powder will effect the Cure.
If grief but makes her fwell, *Martin* and *Nevil*
Conclude it is a fpice of the Kings-Evil.
Bleed her again, another cries;——And *Scot*
Saith he could cure her, if 'twas----you know wha
But giddy *Harrington* a whimfey found,
To make her Head (like to his brains) run round:
Her old and wife Phyfitians, who before
Hid well-nigh cur'd her, came again to th' dore,
But were kept out, which made her cry the more,
Help, help, [*dear Children*) Oh! fome pity take
On her who bore you! help for mercy fake!
Oh heart! Oh head! Oh back! Oh bones! I feel
They've poyfon'd me with giving too much fteel;
Oh give me that for which I long and cry!
Something that's *Soveraign*, or elfe I die.

Kin

VI.

KInd *Cheſhire* heard;—And like ſome ſon that [ſtood
Upon the Bank, ſtraight jump'd into the *flood*,
Flings out his arms, & ſtrikes ſome ſtrokes to ſwim
Booth ventur'd firſt, and *Middleton* with him;
Stout *Mackworth*, *Egerton*, and thouſands more,
Threw themſelves in, and left the ſafer ſhore;
Maſſey (that famous Diver) and bold *Brown*
Forſook his Wharf,—reſolving all to drown;
Or ſave a ſinking Kingdom:—But, O ſad!
Fearing to loſe her prey, the Sea grew mad,
Rais'd all her billows, and reſolv'd her waves,
Should quickly be the bold Adventurers graves.
Out Marches *Lambert*, like an Eaſtern Wind,
And with him all the mighty waters joyn'd.
The Loyal Swimmers bore up heads and breaſts,
Scorning to think of Life or Intereſts;
They ply'd their Arms and Thighs, but all in vain;
The furious Main beat them to ſhore again:
At which the floating Iſland (looking back,
Spying her loyal Lovers gone to wrack)
Shriekt lowder then before,—and thus ſhe cries,
"Can you, ye angry heavens, and frowning skies,
"Thus countenance rebellious Mutineers,
"Who, if they durſt, would be about your ears?
"That I ſhould ſink, with Juſtice may accord,
"Who let my Pilot be thrown over-board;

"Yet

"Yet 'twas not I (ye righteous Heavens do know)
" The *Souldiers* in me needs would have it so:
" And those who conjur'd up these storms them-
selves, [*Shelves*
" And first engag'd me 'mongst those Rocks and
" Guilty of all my wo, have rais'd this weather,
" Fearing to come to Land, and chusing rather
" To sink me with themselves!--O cease to frown
" In tears (just Heavens!) behold! my self I drown:
" Let not these proud waves do't: Prevent my
" And let them fall together by the ears (fears,

VII.

HEav'n heard, and struck th'insulting army mad:
Drunk with their *Cheshire* Triumphs, straight they had
New Lights appear'd, and new Resolves they take,
A *Single Person* once again to make.
Who shall be he? Oh! *Lambert*, without rub,
The fittest Devil to be *Beelzebub*.
He, the fierce Fiend, cast out o'th' House before,
Return'd, and threw the House now out of door:
A Legion then he rais'd of Armed *Sprights*,
Elves, Goblins, Fairies, Quakers, and new Lights,
To be his under Devils; with his rest
He Soul and Body (Church and State) possest:
Who tho they fil'd all countries, towns, and rooms,
Yet (like that Fiend that did frequent the Tombs)
Churches

Churches, and Sacred Grounds they haunted moſt,
No Chappel was at eaſe from ſome ſuch Ghoſt.
The Prieſts ordain'd to exerciſe thoſe Elves,
Were voted Devils, and caſt out themſelves:
Bible, or Alchoran, all's one to them,
Religion ſerves but for a ſtratagem:
The holy Charms theſe Adders did not heed,
Churches themſelves did *Sanctuary* need.

VIII.

THe Churches Patrimony and rich *Store*,
Alas! was ſwallow'd many years before:
Biſhops and *Deans* we fed upon before,
They were the *Ribs* and *Surloyns* of the Whore:
Now let her *Legs* (the *Prieſts*) go to the Pot,
(They have the Pope's eye in them) ſpare them not:
We have fat Benefices yet to eat,
(*Bell*, and our *Dragon*-Army muſt have meat:)
Let us devour her Limb-meal, great and ſmall,
Tythe-Calves, Geeſe, Pigs, the Petitoes and all:
A Vicaridg in *Sippets*, though it be
B[illegible] ſmall, will ſerve a ſqueamiſh *Sectary*.
Though Univerſities we can't endure,
There's no falſe Latine in their Lands (be ſure.)
Give *Oxford* to our Horſe, and let the Foot
Take *Cambridge* for their booty, and ſall too't.
Chriſt-Church I'le have (cries *Vane*,) *Disbrow* ſwops
At *Trinity*; *Kings* is for *Berry*'s chops;

Kelſey

Kelsey, take *Corpus Christi*; *All-Souls*, *Packer*;
Carve *Creed St. Johns*; *New College* leave to *Hacker*;
Fleetwood cries, *Weeping Maudlin* shall be mine,
Her tears I'le drink instead of *Muscadine*:
The smaller *Halls* and *Houses* scarce are big
Enough to make one dish for *Hasilrig*;
We must be sure to stop his mouth, though wide,
Else all our fat will be i'th'fire (they cry'd)
And when we have done these, we'l not be quiet,
Lordships and Landlords Rents shall be our diet.
Thus talk'd this jolly crew; but still mine Host
Lambert resolves that he will rule the Rost.

I X.

BUt hark! Methinks I hear old *Boreas* blow;
What mean the north-winds that they bluster so?
More storms from that black nook? Forbear (bold
Let not *Dunbar* and *Worcester* be forgot: (*Scot!*)
What would you chaffer w'us for one *Charls* more?
The price of Kings is fal'n, give the Trade o're.
And is the price of Kings and Kingdoms too,
Of Laws, lives, oaths, souls, grown so low with you?
Perfidious Hypocrites! Monsters of Men!
(Cries the good *Monck*) we'l raise their price agen.
Heaven said *Amen*, and breath'd upon that Spark;
That Spark (preserv'd alive i'th' cold and dark)
First kindled and enflam'd the British Isle,
And turn'd it all to Bonefires in a while:

He

He and his fewel was ſo ſmall, no doubt,
Proud *Lambert* thought to tread or piſs them out.
But *George* was wary;——His cauſe did require
A Pillar of a Cloud, as well as Fire:
'Twas not his ſafeſt courſe to flame, but ſmoak;
His enemies he will not burn, but choak;
Small Fires muſt not blaze out, leſt by their light
They ſhew their weakneſs, and their foes invite:
But Furnaces the ſtouteſt Metals melt,
(And ſo did he) by fire not ſeen, but felt;
Dark-lanthorn-Language, and his peep-bo-play,
Will-E-Wiſp Lambert's new Lights out o'th' way.
George & his boys, thoſe thouſands (ô ſtrange thing)
Of *Snipes* and *Woodcocks* took by Lowbelling.
His few Scotch-Coal kindled with Engliſh Fire,
Made *Lamberts* great *Newcaſtle* heaps expire.

X.

Scotland (though poor and peeviſh) was content
To keep the Peace, and (O rare!) money lent;
But yet the bleſſing of their Kirk was more;
George had that too, and with this ſlender ſtore
He and his Mirmidons advance:——Kind Heaven
Prepar'd a Froſt to make their March more eaven,
Eaſy and ſafe; it may be ſaid, That year
Of th' High-wayes Heaven it ſelf was Overſeer,
And made *November* ground as hard as *May*;
White as their Innocence, ſo was their Way:

The

The Clouds came down in Feather-beds, to greet
Him and his Army, and to kiss their feet.
The frost and foes both came and went together,
Both thaw'd away, & vanish'd God knows whither.
Whole Countries crowded in to see this friend,
Ready to cast their bodies down to mend
His Road to *Westminster*; and still they shout,
Lay hold of th' *Rump*, and pull the *Monster* out:
A new one, or a whole one (*Good my Lord*)
And to this cry the Island did accord,
The Eccho of the Irish hollow ground
Heard *England*, and her language did rebound

XI.

PResto-*Jack Lambert*, and his Sprights are gone
To dance a Jig with's brother *Oberon*:
George made him, and his Cut-throats of our lives,
Swallow their swords, as Juglers do their Knives.
And Carter *Disborough* to wish in vain,
He now were Waggoner to *Charles* his Wain.
The Conqueror is now come into th' South,
Whose warm Air is made hot by every mouth;
Breathing his welcome, and in Spite of *Scot*,
Crying—*The whole Child* (Sir) *divide it not*:
The Rump begins to stink, Alas! (cry they)
W'have rais'd a Devil which we cannot lay.
I like him not—His Belly is so big,
There's a King in't, cryes furious *Haslrig*,

Let's bribe Him (they cry all) Carve him a ſhare
Of our ſtoln Veniſon——Varlets forbear,
In vain you put your Lime-twigs to his Hands;
George Monck *is for the King, not for his Lands.*
When fair means would not do, next foul they try,
Vote him the City-Scavenger, (they cry)
Send him to ſcowr their Streets.——Well, let it be;
Your Rumpſhip wants a ſcowring too, (thinks he)
That foul houſe where your Worſhips many year
Have laid your Tail, ſure wants a Scavenger:
I ſmell your Fizzle, though it make no Crack;
You'ld mount me on the Cities galled Back,
In hope ſhe'll caſt her Rider; If I muſt
Upon ſome Office in the Town be thruſt,
I'le be their Sword-bearer,——and to their Dagger
I'le joyn my Sword:--Nay, (*good Rump*) do not
The City feaſts me, and as ſure as Gun) (ſwagger:
I'le mend all *Englands* Commons e're I've done.

XII.

AND ſo he did: One morning next his heart
He goes to *Weſtminſter*, and play'd his part;
He vampt their boots (which *Hewſon* ne'r could do)
With better leather, made them g'upright too.
The Reſtor'd Members (*Cato*-like, no doubt)
Did only enter, that they might go out;
They did not mean within thoſe VValls to dwell,
Nor did they like their Company ſo well:

Yet Heav'n ſo bleſt them, that in three weeks ſpace
They gave both Church and State a better face;
They gave *Booth*, *Maſſy*, *Brown*, ſome kinder lots;
The laſt years Traytors, this years Patriots:
The Churches poor Remainder they made good,
And waſh'd the Nations Hands of Royal Blood;
And that a Parliament (they did deviſe)
From its own aſhes (*Phœnix* like) might riſe;
This done, By *Act* and *Deed* that might not fail,
They paſt a Fine, and ſo cut off *th' Entail.*

XIII.

LEt the Bells ring theſe Changes now from *Be*
Down to the Country-Candleſticks below.
Ringers, hands off; The Bells themſelves will dance
In memory of their own deliverance.
Had not *George* ſhew'd his Metal, and ſaid Nay,
Each Sectary had born the Bell away: (Crew
Down with them all, they'r Chriſtned (cry'd that
Tye up their Clappers, and the Parſons too;
Turn them to Guns, or ſell them to the *Dutch.*
Nay, hold, (quoth *George*) my Maſters, that's too
You will not leap o're Steeples thus, I hope (mu
I'le ſave the Bells, but you may take the Rope.
Thus lay *Religion* panting for her life,
Like *Iſaac*, bound under the bloody knife;
George held the falling Weapon, ſav'd the Lamb:
Let *Lambert* (in the Briars) be the *Ram.*

So lay the Royal Virgin (as 'tis told)
When brave S. *George* redeem'd her life, of old.
Oh that the Knaves that have consum'd our Land,
Had but permitted Wood enough to stand
To be his Bonfires;——Wee'd burn every stem,
And leave no more but Gallow-trees for them.

XIV.

MArch on, *Great Hero!* as thou hast begun,
And crown our *Happiness* before th'ast done.
We have another *CHARLES* to fetch from *Spain*,
Be thou the *GEORGE* to bring him back again:
Then shalt thou be (what was deny'd that Knight)
Thy Princes, and the Peoples Favorite.
There is no danger of the Winds at all,
Unless together by the Ears they fall,
Who shall the honour have to waft a King:
And they who gain it, while they work shall sing,
Methinks I see how those Triumphant Gales,
Proud of the great Employment, swell the Sails:
The joyful Ship shall dance, the Sea shall laugh,
And loyal Fish their Masters health shall quaff:
See how the *Dolphins* crond and thrust their large
And scaly shoulders, to assist the Barge;
The peaceful Kingfishers are met together
About the Decks, and prophesie calm weather;
Poor Crabs and Lobsters are gone down to creep,
And search for Pearls and Jewels in the deep;

And when they have the booty,—crawl before,
And leave them for his welcome to the Shore.

XV.

ME-thinks I see how throngs of people stand,
Scarce patient till the Vessel come to Land,
Ready to leap in, and if need require,
With Tears of Joy, to make the waters higher.
But what will *London* do? I doubt Old *Paul*
With bowing to his Soveraign will fall,
The Royal Lyons from the Tower shall roar;
And though they see him not, yet shall adore:
The Conduits will be ravish'd, and combine
To turn their very water into Wine:
And for the Citizens, I only pray
They may not over-joy'd all die that day.
May we all live more loyal and more true,
To give to *Cæsar* and to God their due.
Wee'l make his Fathers Tomb with tears to swim;
And for the Son, we'll shed our blood for him.
England her penitential Song shall sing,
And take heed how she quarrels with her King.
If for our sins—our Prince shall be misled,
Wee'l bite our nails, rather than scratch our *head*.

XVI.

ONe English *George* out-weighs alone (by odds)
A whole Committee of the Heathens Gods,
Pronounce but *Monck*, and (it is all his due)
He is our *Mercury*, *Mars*, and *Neptune* too.
Monck (what great *Xerxes* could not) prov'd the [man
That with a word shackled the Ocean;
He shall command *Neptune* himself to bring
His Trident, and present it to our King.
Oh do it then, great Admiral:——Away,
Let him be here against St. *George*'s day;
That *Charles* may wear His *Dieu Et Mon Droit*,
And thou the Noble Garter'd *Hony Soit*.
And when thy Aged Corps shall yield to Fate,
God save that Soul that sav'd our *Church* and *State*:
There thou shalt have a glorious Crown, I know,
Who Crown'dst our King and Kingdoms here be-
But who shall find a Pen fit for thy glory; [low.
Or make Posterity believe thy Story?

Vive St. *GEORGE*,

THE

TRAGEDY

OF

Mr, *Christopher Love.*

Late Minister of the Gospel.

Acted upon

TOWER-HILL,

August 22. 1651.

The Prologue.

NEw from a slaughter'd Monarchs Hearse I come
A Mourner to a Martyr'd Prophet's Tomb:
Pardon, great *Charles*, his Ghost my Muse had stop
Yet three years longer, till sh' had wept a Flood;
Too mean a Sacrifice for Royal Blood.

But she must go, Heav'n does by Thunder call
For her Attendance at *LOVE*'s Funeral:
Forgive, great Sir, this Sacriledge in me,
The tenth Tear he must have, it is his Fee;
'Tis due to him, and yet 'tis stoln from Thee.

The Argument.

'Twas when the Raging Dog did rule the Skies,
And with his scorching Face did tyrannize:
When cruel *Cromwel*, Whelp of that mad Star,
But sure more fiery than his Sire by far,
Had dry'd the *Northern Fife*, and with his heat
Put frozen *Scotland* in a Bloody Sweat:
When he had conquer'd, and his furious Train
Had chas'd the North-Bear, & pursu'd *Charles* Wain
Into the *English* Orb; then 'twas thy fate
(Sweet *LOVE*) to be a Present from our State.
A greater Sacrifice there could not come,
Than a Divine, to bleed his Welcome home.
For He, and *Herod* think no dish so good,
As a *John Baptists Head*, serv'd up in Blood.

ACT. I.

The *Philistins* are set in their High Court,
And *Love*, like *Sampson's* fetch'd to make them *sport:*
Unto the Stake the smiling Prisoner's brought:
Not to be try'd, but baited, most men thought;

Monsters, like Men, must worry him: and thus
He fights with Beasts, like *Paul* at *Ephesus*.
Adams, *Fox*, *Huntington*, with all the Pack
Of foisting Hounds, were set upon his Back.
Prideaux and *Keeble* stand and cry, Haloo;
'Twas a full Cry, and yet it would not do.
Oh how he foil'd them! Standers by did swear,
That he the Judge, and they the Traitors were:
For there he prov'd (although he seem'd a Lamb)
Stout, like a Lion, from whose Den he came.

ACT. II.

It is decreed; nor shall thy VVorth, dear *Love*,
Resist their Vows, nor their Revenge remove.
Though Pray'rs were joyn'd to Pray'rs, and tears to tears,
No softness in their Rocky Hearts appears:
Nor Heav'n nor Earth abate their Fury can,
But they will have thy Head, thy Head, good Man.
Sure some She-Sectary longed, and in haste
Must try how *Presbyterian* Blood did taste.
'Tis fit she have the best, and therefore thine,
Thine must be broach'd, blest *Saint*! 'tis Drink Divine.
No sooner was the dreadful Sentence read,
The Prisoner straight bow'd his condemned Head:
And by that humble Posture told them all,
It was a Head that did not fear a fall.

ACT

ACT. III.

And now I wish the fatal Stroke were given;
I'm sure our Martyr longs to be in Heaven,
And Heav'n to have him there: one moment blows
Makes him triumphant; but here comes his woe,
His Enemies will grant a Moneths Suspence,
If it be for the nonce to keep him thence:
And that he may tread in his Saviours ways,
He shall be tempted too, his forty days:
And with such baits too, Cast thy self but down,
Fall, and but worship, and your Life's your own.
Thus cry'd his Enemies; oh 'twas their pride,
To wound his Body, and his Soul beside.
One Plot th'have more, when all their own do fail
If *Devils* can't, *Disciples* may prevail.
Lets tempt him by his Friends, make *Peter* cry,
Good Master, Spare thy self, and do not die.
One Friend entreats, a second weeps, a third
Cries, Your Petition wants the other word:
I'l write it for you, saith a fourth; Your Life,
Your Life, Sir, cries a fifth, Pitty your Wife,
And the Babe in her: Thus this *Diamonds* cut
By *Diamonds* only, and to terror put.
Methinks I hear him still, You wound my heart,
Good Friends, forbear, for every word's a Dart:
'Tis cruel pity, thus I do profess,
You'ld love me more, if you did love me less:

Friends,

Friends, Children, Wife, Life, all are dear, I know,
But all's too dear, if I should buy them so.
Thus, like a rock that routs the waves, he stands,
And snaps asunder, *Sampson*-like these bands.

ACT. IV.

The Day is come, the Prisoner longs to go,
And chides the ling'ring Sun for tarrying so:
Which blushing seems to answer from the Sky,
That it was loth to see a Martyr dye.
Methinks I heard beheaded Saints above,
Call to each other, Sirs, Make room for *LOVE*.
Who when he came to tread the fatal Stage,
(Which prov'd his Glory, and his Enemies rage)
His Blood ne'r run t'his heart, Christs Blood was there
Reviving it, his own was all to spare:
Which rising in his Cheeks, did seem to say,
Is this the Blood you thirst for? Tak't, I pray.
Spectators in his Looks such Life did see,
That they appear'd more like to die than he.
But oh his Speech! methinks I hear it still;
It ravish'd Friends, and did his Enemies kill;
His keener Words did their sharp Ax exceed;
That made his head, but he their hearts, to bleed,
Which he concluded with soft Prayer, and so
The Lamb lay down, and took the Butchers blow:
His Soul makes Heav'n shine brighter by a Star,
And now we're sure there's one Saint *Christopher*.

ACT.

ACT. V.

LOVE lies a bleeding, and the World shall see
Heav'n act a part in this black Tragedy.
The Sun no sooner spy'd the Head o'th' floor,
But he pull'd in his own, and look'd no more.
The Clouds, which scattered, and in colours were,
Met all together, and in black appear:
Lightnings, which fill'd the Air with blazing light,
Did serve for Torches at that dismal Night:
In which, and all next day, for many hours,
Heav'n groan'd in Thunder, and did weep in Showrs.
Nor do I wonder, that God thundered so,
When's *Boanerges* murdred lay below: (*Keeble*,
The High Court trembled, *Prideaux*, *Bradshaw*,
And all the guilty Rout, look'd pale and feeble.
Timerous *Jenkins*, and cold-hearted *Drake*,
Hold out, you need no base Petitions make:
Your Enemies thus Thunder-struck, no doubt,
Will be beholding to you to go out.
But if you will recant, now thundring Heaven
Such Approbation to *Love*'s cause hath given,
I'le add but this; Your Consciences perhaps,
Ere long, shall feel far greater Thunder-claps.

The Epilogue.

But ſtay, my Muſe grows fearful too, and muſt
Beg that theſe Lines be buried with thy Duſt:
Shelter, bleſs'd *Love*, this verſe within thy Shroud,
For none but Heav'n dares take thy part aloud.
The Author begs this, leſt, if it be known,
Whilſt he bewails thy Head, he loſe his own.

R. W.

TO

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

Mr, *Jeremy Whitaker*,

Powerful in Prayer and Preaching, Pious in Life, Patient in Sickneſs, *&c*,

NAy, now forbear; for pity ſake give o're,
You that would make the Clergy none; or
VVe are made miſerable enough this year, (poor,
That we have loſt our Reverend *Whitaker*;
Loſs above *Deans* and Chapters! had but he
Liv'd ſtill and preach'd: *Ziba* take all (for me.)
Nay I believe had ſacrilegious hands
Finger'd our poor remains of Tithes and Lands,
VVhil'ſt he ſurviv'd they had but pray'd in vain,
Whitaker would have pray'd them back again,

As *Luther* did a young mans Soul repeal,
Giv'n to the Devil under Hand and Seal,
A Chariot and an Horseman we have lost,
In whose each single Pray'r incamp'd an Host.
How have I heard him on some solemn Day,
(VVhen doubtful VVar could make all *London* pray)
Mount up to Heav'n with armed cries and tears,
And rout, as far as *Tork*, the Cavaliers!
Have you not seen an early-rising Lark
Spring from her Turf, making the Sun her mark,
Shooting her self aloft, yet higher, higher,
Till she had sung her self into Heaven's Quire?
Thus would he rise in Pray'r, and in a trice
His Soul become a Bird of Paradise:
And if our faint *Devotions* Prayers be,
VVhat can we call his less than Extasie?

On his Preaching.

If with th' Almighty he prevailed so,
Wonder nor that he Wonders wrought below:
The Son of Consolation and of Thunder,
Met both in him, in others are asunder.
He was (like *Luke*) Physitian of both kinds,
Wrought Cures upon Mens Bodies and their Minds;
The Falling-sickness of Apostacy,
Dropsie of Drunkenness, Prides Tympany,
The Meagrim of Opinions, new or old,
Palsie of Unbelief, Charities cold,

Lusts

Lusts burning Fever, Angers Calenture,
The Collick in the Conscience he could cure:
Set the souls broken bones; by holy Art
He hath dissolv'd the Stone in many a Heart,
Harder than that he dy'd of——O come in,
Ye multitudes whom he hath heal'd of sin,
And thereby made his Debtors——Pay him now
Some of those tears which he laid out for you;
Interest-tears, I mean; for should yo all
Weep over him both Use and Principal,
'Twould wash away the Stone (which covers him)
And make his Coffin (like an Ark) to swim.
Now wipe thine eyes (my Muse) and stop thy Verse
(Thy Ink can only serve to black his Hearse,)
Yet (stay) i'll drop one Tear, sigh one sigh more,
'Tis this, although my Poetry be poor,
O what a mighty Prophet should I be,
Had this *Elijah*'s Mantle fain to me!
Oh might I live his Life! I'd be content
His sore Diseases too should me torment:
And if his Patience could mine become,
I would not be afraid of Martyrdom.

R. W.

UPON

UPON THE DEATH OF So many Reverend Ministers of Late.

STill we do find, Black cloth wears out the first;
And fruits that are the choicest keep the worst.
Such men? So many? and they die so fast?
They'r precious (death) oh do not make such waste.
Scarce have we dry'd our eyes for loss of one,
But in comes tidings that another's gone.
Oh that I had my former Tears agen,
(All but those few laid out upon my sin,)
Had I an *Helicon* in either Eye,
I have occasion now to verse them dry.
Triumph (licentious Age) lift up thy Song,
Presbytery shan't trouble you ere long;
Those that tormented you before your day,
Are now apace removing out o'th' way.
Yea, rather tremble (*England*) stand agast,
To see thy glorious Lamps go out so fast;

When

When Death (like *Sampſon*) thus lays hold upon
The Pillars of the Church,——The Building's gone.
When we do ſee ſo many Stars to fall,
Surely, it boads the World's great Funeral.
London, look too't, and think what Heav'n is doing
Thy Flames are coming when thy *Lots* are going.
Well may we all fear God intendeth Wars,
When he commands home his Embaſſadors.
That Venerable Synod, which of late
Was made the Object of Mens Storm and Hate,
(For want of Copes and Mitres, not of Graces)
Are now call'd up (with *Moſes*) and their Faces
When they return, ſhall ſhine; God ſees it fit,
Such an Aſſembly ſhould in Glory ſit.
The learned *Twiſſe* went firſt, (it was his right)
Then holy *Palmer*, *Borr[illegible]*, *Love*, *Gouge*, *White*,
Hill, *Whitaker*, grave *Gataker*, and *Strong*,
Pern, *Marſhal*, *Robinſon*, all gone along.
I have not nam'd them half: their only ſtrife
Hath been (of late) who ſhould firſt part with Life.
Thoſe few who yet ſurvive, ſick of this Age,
Long to have done their parts, and leave the Stage.
Our Engliſh *Luther*, *Vines*, (whoſe Death I weep)
Stole away (and ſaid nothing) in a Sleep:
Sweet (like a Swan) he preach'd that day he went,
And for his Cordial took a Sacrament:
Had it but been ſuſpected——he would die,
His People ſure had ſtop'd him with their Cry.
My blear-ey'd Muſe (his tears have made her ſo)
Muſt waſh his Marble too, before ſhe go.

UPON

The much to be Lamented

DEATH

OF THE

Reverend Mr. *Vines.*

ART thou gone too (thou great & gallant mind)
And muſt ſuch Snakes as I be left behind?
If thus our Horſemen and Commanders die,
What can the Infantry do then but fly;
Oh Divine *Vines*! tell us, why wouldſt thou go,
Unleſs thou couldſt have left thy Parts below?
If there's a *Metempſuchoſis* indeed,
Tell us where we may find thee at our need?
Who hath thy Memory? thy Brain, thy Heart?
Whom didſt thou leave thy Tongue? (for every part
Of thee can make a Man,) What if we find
(As I'l not ſwear this Age won't change her mind)
Prelacy (though her lands are ſold) revive?
Or *Independancy* (who hopes to thrive,

No

No where suits Trump) should dare dispute at length?
Where hast thou left thy *Presbyterian* Strength,
With which thou gor'st the Game in th' Isle of *Wight*,
Where the King cry'd that *Vines* was in the right?
When *Essex* dy'd (the Honour of our Nation)
Thou gav'st him a new life in thy Oration.
But when great *Fairfax* to his Fate must yield,
Whom hast thou left—to fetch from *Naseby*-field
Th' Immortal Turf, and dress it with a Story,
That shall perpetuate his name and glory?
Where's the rich Fancy (man?) To whom (beneath)
Indit'st thy lofty and high strain bequeath?
Tell us for thy own sake; for none but he
That hath thy Wit, can write thy Elegie.
Till he be found, let this suffice, which I
Leave on thy Stone:—*Here lies the Ministry.*

R. W.

AN

ELOGY

UPON THE

Earl of Essex

HIS

FUNERAL

AND are these all the Rites that must be done
Thrice Noble *ESSEX*, *Englands* Champion
Some Men, some Walls, some Horses put in black
With the Throng scrambling for Sweet-meats
A gawdy Herald, and a Velvet Hearse, (and Sack;
A tattar'd Anagram with grievous Verse,
And a sad Sermon to conclude withall,
Shall this be stil'd great *ESSEX*'s Funeral?

Niggard

Niggardly Nation, be asham'd of th' odds,
Less Valour among Heathen made men gods:
Should such a General have dy'd in *Rome*,
He must have had an Alter, not a Tomb;
And there, in stead of youthful Elegies,
Grave Senators had offer'd Sacrifice
To Divine *Devereux*: O for a Vote,
(Ye Lords and Commons, ye are bound to do't)
A Vote, that who is seen to smile this year,
A Vote, that who so brings not in a Tear,
Shall be adjudg'd Malignant: It were wise
To erect an Office in the Peoples eyes,
For issuing forth a constant sum of Tears,
There's no way else to pay him his Arrears:
And when w'have drain'd this Ages eyes quite dry,
Let him be wep't the next in History;
Which if Posterity shall dare to doubt,
Then *Glosters* whisp'ring Walls shall speak him out:
And so his Funeral shall not be done,
Till he return i'th' Resurrection,

To the Father of a very vertuous Virgin, Deceased; who desired an obscure Person to make an Elegy, *&c.*

Sir, Be advis'd; She's not your Daughter now,
But a crown'd Saint in Heaven's great Court, and
Must take heed what you offer to her Shrine; (you
You'l be profain if that be not Divine.
Sternhold (who kill'd the *Psalms*, and *David* too
In Meeter and good meaning) did not do
More violence to Heav'n, than you to her,
If, whil'st you think't a kindness, you shall blur
Her Honour with my Ink: 'tis a disgrace
To set black Spots upon a glorious Face.
Disdain will burst her Coffin (sure) to have
Such dirty Feet as mine stand on her Grave.
Besides, 'tis niggardly to weep in Verse,
Tears without measure best become her Hearse,
The talking Brook is shallow, still we see
Great Sorrows, like deep Rivers, silent be
Were I *Apollo's* Priest indeed, and fit
To send a Poem up in flames of Wit,

Yet,

Yet i'm but one; Sir, to her Alter's due
Whole Hecatombs of Verſe, and Poets too.
Go ſearch St. *Pauls*-Church-yard, imploy choice eyes
To ſcan all Epitaphs and Elegies;
All the rich Fancies, ſacred Raptures, all
The Pearly drops which ever yet did fall
On ſpotleſs Virgins Tombs: then make your claim
Print and devote them to your Daughters name.
Thoſe vaſt *Hyperboles*, thoſe lofty Notes,
Which crackt the Muſes Voices, rent their throats
Offended ſcrup'lous Readers, made them think
Poetry only ſtrong Lines, and ſtrong Drink,
Allayed by her merit, ſoon will be
Reduc'd to ſober Truth, and Modeſty,
But ſtay, this counſel is but ſimple ſtuff,
(*Englands* Divine] *Reynolds* hath done enough:
His Sermon is her Monument in print,
And hath more Honour than all Poems in't.
That doth not only ſpeak her Saint, and more,
Can make him one too, who but reads it o're,
Reynolds records her Saint, and you may hope
That's more than canonizing by a Pope.

IN

MEMORY

Of Mris. *E. T.*

Who dyed *April* 7. 1659.

IT was the Spring, and Flowers were in conteſt,
Whoſe ſmels ſhould firſt reach Heav'n, and
pleaſe it beſt;
Then did *Eliza*'s ſweetneſs ſo ſurpaſs
All Rivall Virgins, that ſhe ſent for was.
'Twas *April* when ſhe dy'd; no Moneth ſo fit
For Heav'n to be a mourner in, as it.
'Twas *Eaſter* too; that time did Death deviſe
Beſt for this Lamb to be a Sacrifice.
It was the Spring; The way 'twixt Heav'n and Earth
Was ſweetned for her paſſage, by the Birth
Of early Flowers, which burſt their Mothers womb,
Reſolv'd to live and die upon her Tomb.
It was the Spring; Between the Earth and Sky,
To pleaſe her Soul as it was paſſing by,

Bird

Birds fill'd the Air with Anthems, every neſt
Was on the Wing, to chaunt her to her Reſt:
Not a Pen-feathered Lark, who ne'r try'd Wing,
Nor Throat; but ventur'd then to fly, and ſing:
Following the Saint towards Heav'n, whoſe entrance there
Dimpt them, and chang'd their Notes. Then penſive Air
Diſſolv'd to tears, which ſpoil'd the feather'd Train
And ſank them to their neſts with grief again.
Mean time, me thought, I ſaw at Heaven's fair Gate
The glorious Virgins meet, and kiſs their Mate.
They ſtood a while her Beauty to admire,
Then led her to her place in their own Quire;
Which ſeem'd to be defective, until ſhe
Added her Sweetneſs to their Harmony.
As Meddals ſcatter'd when ſome Prince goes by,
So lay the Stars that night about the Sky.
The Milky Way too, (ſince ſhe paſt it o're)
Methinks looks whiter than it was before,

AN

EPITAPH

Upon *E. T.*

READER didſt thou but know what ſacred Duſt
Thou tread'ſt upon, thou'dſt judge thy ſelf un-
Shouldſt thou neglect a ſhowr of tears to pay, (juſt
To waſh the Sin of thy own Feet away.
That Actor in the Play, who looking down
When he ſhould cry, *O Heav'n*,----was thought a
And guilty of a Solœciſm——might have (Clown,
Applauſe for ſuch an Action o're this Grave.
Here lies a piece of Heav'n, and Heav'n one day
Will ſend the beſt in Heav'n to fetch't away.
Truth is, this Lovely Virgin from her Birth
Became a conſtant ſtrife 'twixt Heav'n and Earth;
Both claim'd her: pleaded for her; either cry'd,
This Child is mine; at length they did divide:
Heav'n took her Soul; The Earth her Corps did
Yet not in Fee, ſhe only holds by Leaſe; (ſeize,
With this Proviſo——when the Judge ſhall call,
Earth ſhall give up her ſhare, and Heav'n have all.

UPON

UPON

The Learned Works of the

Reverend DIVINE

Ed. Reynolds, D. D.

READER, who e're thou art, here thou maist find
Within these *Works*, a rare, rich, glorious mind
Of Golden Precepts, which, alike, do show
What's thy Destemper how to cure it too:
Do pains oppress thy Body? Sorrow Mind?
Draw near to God, Pray'r will acceptance find;
And then no doubt, he'll grant, thy Bodies Grief
May bring thy sinking soul some small Relief.
Do Passions over-top thy will? beware,
Virtue consists not in so high a Sphere:
If thou the Golden *Medium* wilt find,
Shun thou too high, and too too low a mind. (fly,
Pleasures are gilded Nothings, which like bubbles
Swoln big with Emptiness so burst and die.
Do darkest times of ignorance draw near?
The rather view these weighty Lines: not fear,
Nor wonder much at this resplendant Light:
Diamonds shine brightest in the darkest night.

The

The Merchant-man sold all he had, to buy
The rich, rare, Gospel Jewel: O then why
Art thou so backward? since that thou mayst make
This Gem thine own, yea, at a cheaper rate.
The foolish Virgins, when their Lord of Light
Past by, their lights were out: So that eternal night
Was their reward, and just; for they that deem
Pains cost of greater worth, shall ne'r be seen
Within his Courts, who is great, good, and just.
Is Folly thus repaid? Reader, we must
Look that it ne'r be said of thee or I,
That our Neglect should cause our light to die.

R. W.

LOOK

Another.

LOok wiſhly (friend) thou ſeldom ſeeſt ſuch (men
Heav'n drops ſuch Jewels down but now and
One in an Age, or Nation: oh 'tis rare, (then,
Two *Reynolds's* ſhould fall to *Englands* ſhare!
Could *Rome* but ſhew one ſuch, and this were He,
His Picture could not ſcape Idolatry:
Whom Papiſts (not with Superſtitious Fire)
Would dare t'adore, we juſtly may admire.

R. W.

Aliud.

LEarning, whoſe Forces did diſperſed lie
(Of late alarm'd by the Enemy)
Calling a Counſel, did reſolve at length,
To chuſe one General over all her ſtrength:
Divinity (who had the choice) did Name
Reynolds: All Voices center'd in the ſame:
Now here he ſtands and heads ſuch Books as bear
Truth in their Van, and Triumph in their Rear.

R. W.

AN

AN

EPITAPH

For a Godly Mans Tomb.

HEre lies a piece of Christ, a Star in *Dust*;
A Vain of Gold, a *China Dish* that must
Be us'd in Heav'n, when God shall feast the Just.

NA

EPITAPH

For a Wicked Mans Tomb.

HEre lies the Carkase of a cursed Sinner,
Doom'd to be Rosted, for the *Divil's Dinner.*

A Letter to a Friend.

Generous Sir,

ON Saturday last (the *Day* and Weather being as sad and dumpish as old *Saturn* himself) whilest I was in my Study (my Books and my self musty and melancholy) and my provisions for the next *Day* as poor as ever were made by Countrey Curate, sometimes scratching that which goes for my Head, and then biting my Nails for offending my Noddle; In comes your Friendly Letter (the welcomest Quarter-master that ever came to my House) to take up Quarters for that gallant Mans Works (and if ever Good Works merited, they do) *Doctor Reynolds*. Sir, They no sooner entred my Study——but all my Books seem'd to disappear, as the Stars do at the rising of the Sun: You cannot imagine what fear, shame, confusion, and envy, my poor Shelves discovered; Some poor Authors stood gasping——others tumbled down, and others burst their Bindings——resolving to break Prison, rather than stand before such a Judge of Learning. Those few Fathers (which I had) seemed to meet in a Councel, what they should do, whether stay or depart. Old *Origen* began, but he was so full of

Allegories

Allegories, and whimseys, they could not tell what to say to him; but sure he and they all were troubled, for fear (good men) that they should now be ejected in their old Age. *Justin* thought that he should again be a Martyr, and burnt to light Tobacco. *Tertullian* began to make Apologies; and *Austin* himself fell to his Confessions and Retractations. As for *Hierom*, as good a Scholar as he was, he wished himself again on his Pilgrimage: and my poor Country-man *Bede* got into a corner, and fell to his Beads. On another shelf (for I have not many) my School-men looked like School-boys, and stood with their strings untied, ready untrussed for Correction. *Aquinas* himself wished he had not such summs to reckon for; and all the Popish Authors I had fell to crossing themselves. But what a case (if my stout Folioes and old Authors fainted thus) do you think my Infantry---my Modern men, my Quarto and Octavo Striplings were in? Yea, some of our own English (men of many Editions, and worthy to be bound and gilded) gave back, and thrust one another: *Dod* and *Clever* were both silenced; Doctor *Prestons* All-sufficiency pleaded Insufficiency---*Thomas Goodwin* pulled his Caps in his eyes, and became a Child of Light in Darkness---As for *John Goodwin*, he looked for a General Redemption of them all; but his Subsizer, poor *Pierce*, was afraid at the Doctor coming in, that he and his corrected Copy, should be again sent to the House of Correction. As for

for my Pamphlets and trash, they crouded together; and having no manner of Cover for themselves, many of them wish'd *Giles Calvert* hang'd for Printing them, and themselves burn'd out of the way. Thus Sir, It was with my Study: But for my self, oh how I was revived and ravished! No sooner did that Book, big with Christ, enter and salute me (pardon the allusion) but my heart, like *John* in his Mothers belly, leap'd for joy No sooner did open, and taste the Honey, but mine Eyes were enlightned, and I mended in an instant. The Vanity of the Creature made me serious, the Sinfulness of Sin humbled me, the Life of Christ quickned me; the 110 *Psalm* made me sing, the Lords Supper feasted me, —the Prophet *Hosea* inspired me, and the Passions exceedingly affected me. What shall I say, or do? I cannot hold, but must fall out of trotting heavy Prose into an amble of Rhyming.—

From a kind Hand there came t' enrich a place
In my poor Study, — the rare Works and Face
Of Learned Reverend Reynolds *— I receive*
The Book with joy — but no Gift (by your leave)
And for the Book, and for my self, I vow
I ne'r had Piece could make me Preach till now:
I'll pay for't (Sir) And — (which I ne'r shall do)
When I can Write such — you shall Print them too.
Mean time I prophesie, this Volume will
Make both your Rose *and* Crown *to flourish still.*

Sir, accept and pardon this trash, —next Term I shall be in *London*, and then personally prove what I now set my Hand to—(*viz.*) That I am

Yours most Cordially,

R. W.

ALA

Alas poor Scholar,
Whither wilt thou go?

OR

Strange Alterations which at this time be,
There's many did think they never should see.

IN a Melancholy Study,
None but my self,
Methought my Muse grew muddy;
After seven years Reading,
And costly breeding,
I felt, but could find no pelf:
Into Learned Rags
I've rent my Plush and Satten,
And now am fit to beg
In *Hebrew*, *Greek*, and *Latin*;
Instead of *Aristotle*,
Would I had got a Patten.
Alas poor Scholar! whither wilt thou go?

Cambridge now I muſt leave thee,
And follow Fate
Colledge hopes do deceive me!
I oft expected
To have been elected,
But Deſert is reprobate.
Maſters of Colledges
Have no common Graces,
And they that have Fellowſhips
Have but common Places,
And thoſe that Scholars are
They muſt have handſome faces.
Alas poor Scholar whither wilt thou go?

I have bow'd, I have bended,
And all in hope
One day to be befriended.
I have preach'd, I have printed
What e're I hinted,
To pleaſe our *Engliſh* Pope:
I worſhip'd towards the Eaſt,
But the Son doth now forſake me?
I find that I am falling,
The Northern winds do ſhake me:
Would I had been upright,
For Bowing now will break me:

At great Preferment I aimed,
Witneſs my Silk:
But now my hopes are maimed:
I looked lately
To live moſt ſtately,
And have a Dairy of Bell-ropes Milk;
But now alas,
My ſelf I muſt not flatter,
Bigamy of Steeples
Is a laughing matter;
Each man muſt have but one,
And Curates will grow fatter.
Alas poor Scholar, whither wilt thou go?

Into ſome Country Village
Now I muſt go,
Where neither Tyth nor Tillage
The greedy Patron
And parched Matron
Swear to the Church they owe:
Yet if I can Praach,
And pray too on a Sudden,
And confute the Pope
At adventure, without ſtudying,
Then Ten pounds a year,
Beſides a Sunday Pudding.

All the Arts I have skill in,
Divine and Humane,
Yet all's not worth a Shilling;
When the Women hear me,
They do but jeer me,
And say, I am profane;
Once, I remember,
I preached with a Weaver,
I quoted *Austin*.
He quoted *Dod* and *Clever*;
I nothing got,
He got a Cloak and Beaver:
Alas poor Scholar, whither wilt thou go?

Ships, Ships, Ships, I discover,
Crossing the Main;
Shall I in, and go over,
Turn Jew, or Atheist,
Turk, or Papist,
To *Geneva*, or *Amsterdam*?
Bishopricks are void
In *Scotland*, shall I thither?
Or follow *Windebank*,
And *Finch*, to see if either
Do want a Priest to shrive them?
O no, 'tis blust'ring weather.
Alas poor Scholar whither wilt thou go?

Ho, ho, ho, I have hit it,
Peace good-man Fool;
Thou haſt a Trade will fit it;
Draw thy Indenture
Be bound at adventure
An Apprentice to a Free-School;
There thou mayſt command
By *William Lyles* Charter;
There thou mayſt whip, ſtrip,
And hang, and draw, and quarter,
And commit to the Red Rod
Both *Will*, and *Tom*, and *Arthur*.
I, I, 'tis thither, thither will I go.

R. W.

THE

Norfolk and *Wisbich*

COCK-FIGHT.

By *R. W.*

GO you tame Gallants, you that have a Name,
And would accounted be Cocks of the Game;
That have brave Spurs to shew for't, and can crow,
And count all Dunghil-breed, that cannot show
Such painted plumes as yours; which think't no vice
With Cock-like lust to tread your Cockatrice;
Though Peacocks, Weathercocks, Woodcocks you be,
If y'are not Fighting Cocks, y'are not for me,
I of two feathered Combatants will write:
And he that means to th'life to express their Fight,
Must make his Ink the blood which they did spill,
And from their dying Wings must take his quill,
No sooner were the doubtfull People set,
The Match made up, and all that would had bet;
But straight the skilfull Judges of the Play
Brought forth their sharp-Heel'd Warriors; and they
Were both in Linnen Bags, as if 'twere meet
Before they dy'd, to have their Winding-sheet.

Then

Into the Pit they'r brought, and being there
Vpon the Stage, the *Norfolk* Chanticleer
Looks ſtoutly at his ne'r-before-ſeen Foe,
And like a Challenger began to crow,
And clap his Wings, as if he would diſplay
His Warlike colours, which were Black and gray,
Mean time the wary *Wisbich* walks and breaths
His active Body, and in fury wreaths
His comely Creſt; and often looking down,
He beats his angry Beak upon the ground.
This done, they meet, not like that coward Breed
Of *Æſop*'s; theſe can better fight than feed:
They ſcorn the Dunghill; 'tis their only prize
To dig for Pearls within each others Eyes.
They fought ſo nimbly, that 'twas hard to know,
To th's kilfull, whether they did fight or no;
If that the blood which dy'd the fatal floor,
Had not born witneſs of't. Yet fought they more,
As if each wound were but a Spur to Prick
Their fury forward. Lightnings not more quick
Or red, then were their Eyes: 'Twas hard to know
Whether 'twas blood or anger made them ſo.
I'm ſure they had been out, had they not ſtood
More ſafe, being walled in each others blood.
Thus they vy'd blows; but yet, alas, at length,
Although their courage were ful tri'd, their ſtrength
And blood began to ebb. You that have ſeen
A watry Combat on the Sea, between
Two angry-roaring-boiling Billows, how
They march, and meet, and daſh their curled brow;

Swelling

Swelling like graves, as though they did intend
T'intomb each other, ere the quarrel end;
But when the wind is down, and blustring weather,
They are made *Friends*, and *sweetly* run together; (low
May think these Champions such: their blood grows
And they which leap'd but now, now scarce can go
For having left th' advantage of the Heel,
Drunk with each others blood, they only reel;
And yet they would fain fight: they came so near,
Me thought they meant into each others ear
To whisper wounds; and when they could not rise
They lay and look'd blows int' each others eyes.
But now the Tragick part! After this fit,
When *Norfolk* Cock had got the best of it,
And *Wisbich* lay a dying, so that none,
Though sober, but might venture seven to one,
Contracting, like a dying Taper, all
His strength, intending with the blow to fall,
He struggles up, and having taken wind,
Ventures a blow, and strikes the other blind.
And now poor *Norfolk*, having lost his Eyes,
Fights guided only by Antipathies:
With him, alas! the Proverb is not true,
The blows his Eyes ne'r saw, his heart must rue,
At last, by chance, he stumbling on his Foe,
Not having any strength to give a blow,
He falls upon him with his wounded Head,
And makes his Conquerors wings his Featherbed.
His friends ran in, and being very chary,
Sent in all haste to call a Pothecary:

But all in vain, his body did so blister,
That 'twas not capable of any Clyster.
Physick's in vain, and 'twill not him restore;
Alas poor Cock, he was let blood before
Then finding himself weak, op'ning his Bill,
He calls a Scrivener, and thus makes his Will;

Imp. First of all, let never be forgot,
My body freely I bequeath to th' Pot,
Decently to be boyl'd; and for its Tomb,
Let it be buried in some hungry Womb,

Item, For executors I'll have none,
But he that on my side laid seven to one;
And, like a Gentleman that he may live,
To him, and to his Heirs, my Comb I give,
Together with my Brains, that all may know,
That oftentimes his Brains did use to crow,

Item, For comfort of those weaker ones
Whose wives complain of, let them have my Stones;
For Ladies that are light, it is my Wil,
My Feathers make a Fan. And for my Bill,
I'll give a Taylor: But faith 'tis so short,
I am afraid he 'll rather curse me for't.
And for that worthy Doctor's sake, who meant
To give me a Clyster, let my Rump be sent.
Lastly, because I find my self decay,
I yeild, and give to *Wisbich* Cock the day.

R. W.

UPON

UPON THE
DEATH
OF
Dennis Bond, Esq;
Who died four Dayes before the
LORD PROTECTOR.

NOw whil'st *Whitehall* wears black, and men do fear
'Tis Treason any Colour else to wear;
Whil'st Mourners, like a flock of Crows, resort
To the great Lion's Carcase, at the Court;
Whilst the sad Members of the Tother House
(That Mountain wch last year brought forth a Mouse)
Lament his Fall, who Madam'd all their Wives,
And *Thurloe* wishes he had had nine Lives;
Whilst some lament, he dy'd without an Ax,
And fear the Funeral will cost a Tax;
Whilst cunning *Scotland* counterfeits a Groan,
And *Ireland* cudgell'd into her *A hone*;

whilst

Whilst *England* puts her Finger in her Eye,
And *Welchmen* use their Leeks to make them cry?
Whilst Grief doth chime All-in, and every Tribe
Eycleped, Mayor and Aldermen, subscribe
(Or make their Marks at least) how full of Sadness
That *Oliver* is dead, and eke of gladness
That *Richard* reigns! though the Slaves lie, I fear
For their old Gowns are lin'd with Cavalier:
Whilst the sad Poetasters of the times
Plaister the Hearse with miserable Rhymes,
And I, poor man might mend my fortune too,
As sure as ever Lord *Hewson* mended Shoo,
If I could baste my Muse, and make her go:
I, by that great Ghosts leave, am well content
To wait upon a meaner Monument;
Yet fit to stand by this, if not above
As having, though less Pomp, yet no less Love;
'Tis *Dennis Bond*, that true bred *English* Squire,
Wose worth, if my rude Fancy should aspire
To reach the Sinews; just, pious, valiant, wise,
Able for Counsel or for Enterprize;
Fit to set *Cato* Copies, if alive,
Able to make a Bankrupt Nation thrive;
Th' Alchimy of whose single Judgement could
Convert a Leaden Councel into Gold.
Atlas of State! oh! if King *Charles* that's gone,
In stead of *Digby* and old *Cottington*,
Had had one *Dennis*; he had stood till now,
And kept the Crown fast on his Royal Brow.

Cromwel

Cromwel could not out live him; ſo our State
In one week loſt their Pilot, and his Mate:
And though he dy'd in's Bed, 'tis not deny'd:
Yet was his Head ſtruck of when *Dennis* dy'd.
Adieu, brave *Bond!* My aged Muſe ſhall Burn
Her with'red Lawrel at thy ſacred Urn.
Live thine own Monument, and ſcorn a Stone;
Marbles themſelves have flaws, thy Name has none
That plat of Earth which graſps thee in her womb,
Proud of ſuch Treaſure, ſwells into a Tomb.
When the next Parliament together come,
And miſs their Weſtern Patriot from his room,
Deſpairing that their Meeting will not ſpeed,
Grief will diſſolve them, no Protector need.

R. W.

Upon

Upon some Bottles of Sack *and* Claret, *laid in Sand, and covered with a Sheet.*

ENter and see this Tomb (Sirs) do not fear
No Spirits, but of Wine, will fright you here:
Weep o're this Tomb, your Sorrows here may have
Wine for their sweet Companions in the Grave.
A dozen *Shakespears* here inter'd do lie;
Two dozen *Johnsons* full of Poetry.
Did not the Mother Hogshead, from whose womb
These Babes sprang forth, burst when she saw this Tomb,
And swell with grief? Did not the Butler sink,
To see himself turn Sexton to his Drink;
'Twere commendable Sacriledge, no doubt,
Could I come at your Grave to steal you out:
Howe'er from this thy anxious Grave I will
Some virtuous Ashes take, wherewith I'll fill
The Glass I preach by; for I must be just,
There lies Divinity within thy Dust.
Unhappy Grape, could not one pressing do,
But now alive you must be buryed too?
Sleep on, but scorn to die, immortal Liquor:
The burying of thee thus will make thee quicker:
Mean while thy Friends pray loud, that thou mayst have
A speedy Resurrection from the Grave.

AN

AN

ESSAY

Upon the late *VICTORY* obtained by

His Royal Highness the Duke of *York*,

Against the *DUTCH*, upon *June* 3. 1665.

By the Author of *Iter Boreale.*

With Additions.

GOUT! I conjure thee by the powerful Names
Of *CHARLES* and *JAMES*, and their victorious Fames.
On this great Day set all thy Prisoners free,
(Triumphs command a Goal delivery)
Set them all free, leave not a limping Toe
From my *Lord-Chancellors* to mine below;
Unless thou giv'st us leave this day to dance,
Thou'rt not th' old Loyal Gout, but com'st from *France.*
'Tis done my grief obeys the Sovereign Charms,
I feel a Bonfire in my joynts, which warms
And thaws the frozen jelly; I am grown
Twenty years younger; Victory hath done
What puzled Physick: Give the *Dutch* a Rout,
Probatum est, 'twill cure an *English* Gout.

Come

Come then, put nimble Socks upon my Feet,
They shall be *Skippers* to our *Royal Fleet*,
Which now returns in dances on our Seas,
A Conqueror above *Hyperboles*.
A Sea which with *Bucephalus* doth scorn
Less than an *Alexander* should be born
On her proud Back; but to a Loyal Rein
Yields foaming Mouth, and bends her curled Main:
And conscious that she is too strait a *Stage*
For *Charls* to act on, swell'd with Loyal Rage,
Urgeth the *Belgick* and your *Gallick* shore
To yield more room, Her Master must have more;
Ingratefull Neighbours! 'twas our kinder Isle,
With Her own Blood, made your *Geneva* Stile
Writ in small Print [Poor Sites and sore Perplext:]
Swell to the [*HIGH AND MIGHTY LORDS* [in
And can ye be such *Snakes* to sting that Breast [text;
Which in your Winter gave you Warmth and Rest?
Poor *Flemish Frogs*, if Your Ambition thirst
To swell to *English* Greatness, You will burst.
Could you believe Our Royal Head would fail
To Nod those down, who fell before our Tail?
Or could your *Amsterdam* by her commands,
Make *London* carry Coals to warm her Hands?
A bold attempt! Pray practice it no more;
We sav'd our Coals, yet gave you fire good store.
It is enough; The righteous Heavens have now
Judg'd the Grand Quarrel betwixt us and you.
The Sentence is——The Surface must be ours,
But for the bottom of the *Sea* 'tis yours:

Thither your *Opdam* with some thousands, are
Gone down to take possession of your share.
Methinks I hear great *Triton* sound a Call,
And through th' affrighted Ocean summon all
His scaly Regiments, to come and take (make;
Part of that *Feast* which *Charls* their King doth
Where they may glut Revenge, quit the old score,
And feed on those who fed on them before;
Whom when they have degested, who can find
Whether thy're fish, or flesh, or what's their kind?
Van-Cod, *Van-Ling*, *Van-Herring*, will be cry'd
About their Streets; All Fish so *Dutchifi'd*.
The States may find their *Capers* in their Dish,
And meet their *Admirals* in butter'd Fish.
Thus they'l imbody and increase their Crew;
A cunning way to make each Dutch-man two.
And on themselves they now must feed or fast;
Their Herring Trade is brought unto its *Last*.

To the King.

GReat Sir, Belov'd of God and Man, admit
My Loyal zeal to run before my Wit.
This is my Pens miscarriage, not a Birth;
Her haste hath made her bring blind Puppies forth,
My aims in this attempt, are to provoke,
And kindle flames more Noble by my smoke;

My

My wisp of straw may set great Wood on Fire,
And my weak Breath Your Organs may inspire.
Amongst those Flags y'have taken from the Dutch,
Command your *Dexham* to hang up his Crutch,
He is a man both of his Hands and Feet,
And with great numbers can your Navy meet,
His quicker Eye Your Conquest can survey; (Bay
His Hand, *York*'s Temples Crown with flowrishing
Waller (great *Poet* and true *Prophet* too)
Whose curious Pencil in Rich Colours drew
The Type of this grand Triumph for your view,
(The Fishers (like their Herrings) bleeding new)
With the same hand shall give the World the Sights
Of what it must expect when *England* Fights.
That Son and Heir of *Pindars* Muse and Fame,
Your modest *Cowley*, with your breath will flame,
And make those *Belgick Beasts*, who live aspire
To fall your Sacrifice in his pure Fire. [Wonder,
He shall proclaim Our *Charls* great *Neptune*'s
And, like a *Jove*, Fighting in Clouds and Thunder.
There is no fear that you shall Poets lack,
Nor shall those Poets need the help of Sack;
Your Seas are now a Helicon to us,
And every Theam affords a *Pegasus*:
Some of your Clergy *Mutes*, some Liquids be,
But all good *Consonants* do now agree:
And if the Sacred ear will let me speak,
Fearing the *Common-Prayer*, with Age grown weak,
Should not reach Heaven: to make her higher Flown:

And Sir, your ſilent Subjects make no doubt,
May they by Royal favour but ſpeak out,
So to engage you with the Heavenly Powers,
That *Charls* the Great's Name ſhall ſtrike fail to your.
We had an Art, and have not loſt it yet,
To milk your Peoples Pockets, and to get
Their very Rings from their tenacious Claws,
To Marry them to Madam good old Cauſe;
Let the King try us, we will uſe thoſe Arts,
Shall open both their Purſes and their Hearts
To fetch you Coyn, till your Proud Foes are willing,
To give a *French* Crown for an *Engliſh* Shilling.

THE

THE GRATEFUL NON-CONFORMIST:

OR,

Return of Thanks to Sir *J. B.* Knight who ſent the Author Ten CROWNS 1665.

TEn Crowns at once! and to one man! and he
As deſpicable as bad Poets be!
Who ſcarce has Wit (if you require the ſame)
To make an Anagram upon your Name!
Or to out-rime a Barber, or prepare
An Epitaph to ſerve a *Quinbrough* Mayor!
A limping *Levite!* who ſcarce in his prime
Could woe an *Abigal*, or ſay Grace in rhime!
Ten Crowns to ſuch a thing! Friend, 'tis a doſe
Able to raiſe dead *Ben*, or *Davenant's* Noſe;
Able to make a Courtier prove a Friend,
And more than all of them in Victuals ſpend.
This free, free-Parliament, whoſe gift doth ſound
Full five and twenty hundred thouſand pound:

You have out-done them, for yours was your own,
And some of it shall last when theirs is gon.
Ten Crowns at once! and now at such a time,
When Love to such as I am, is a Crime
Greater than his Recorded in *Jane Shore*,
Who gave but one poor loaf to the starv'd Whore.
What, now to help a Non-Conformist! Now
When Ministers are broke that will not bow!
When 'tis to be unblest to be ungirt!
To wear no Surplice, doth deserve no shirt:
No Broth, no Meat; no Service, no Protection;
No Cross, no Coin; no Collect, no Collection!
You are a daring Knight, thus to be kind;
If trusty *Roger* get it in the wind,
Hee'l smell a Plot, a *Presbyterian* Plot,
Especially for what you gave the *Scot*!
And if the Spiritual Court take fire from Crack,
They'l clap a Pariter upon your back:
Shall make you shrug, as if you wore the Collar
Of a Cashiered Red-coat, or poor Scholar.
What will you plead, Sir, if they put you to't?
Was it the Doctor, or the Knight did do't?
Did you as Doctor, flux some Usurer?
And with your quick, did his dull Silver stir?
Or did your zeal, you a Knight-Templer make,
To give the Church the booties you should take?
Or was it your desire to beg Applause?
Or shew affection to the good old Cause?
Was't to feed Faction, or uphold the stickle
Betwixt the old Church and new Conventicle?

No,

No, none of these, but I have hit the thing,
It was because you knew I lov'd the King.
Ten Crowns at once! Sir you'l suspected be
For no good Protestant, you are so free.
So much at once! sure you ne'r gave before,
Or else, I doubt, mean to do so no more.
This is enough to make a man protest
Religio Medici to be the best.
The Christians, for whose sakes we are undone,
Would have cry'd out, oh! 'tis too much for one
Either to give or take! what needs this waste?
Oh, how they love to have us keep a fast!
Five private Meetings, (where at each, four men
In black coats, and white caps, (you'l call them then
A teem of Ministers) have tug'd all day,
Deserving Provender, but scarce got hey;
Where I my self have drawn my part some hours,
Have not afforded such return as yours,
I'de wish them watch, and keep me sober still;
Not want of guilt in them, nor want of will
In me, but want of Wine does make me lame,
Or else I'de sacrifice them to the flame
Of a high blazing Satyr. Here's a man
Who ne'r pretended at your rates, yet can
More freely feed us with Wine and good Dishes,
Then they (yet that's their alms) with sighs and wishes
Oh, for a Rapture! how shall I describe
The love of thousands to their Reading Tribe!
Who so maintain'd them, when they lost their places
They did not loose one pimple from their faces;

But after all, full fraught with flesh and flaggon,
Came forth like Monks, or Priests of Bel and Dragon
One would have judg'd by their high looks & smels
They had been kept in Cellars, not in Cells:
Where they grew big and batten'd; without doubt
Some that went Ferkins in came Hogs heads out.
But ours in two years time are skin and bones,
And look like *Gran-dames*, or old *Apple Johns*:
One *Lazarus* amongst us was too much,
But ere't be long we all shall look like such;
And when that comes to pass, the World shall see,
Who are the Ghostly Fathers, they or we;
And then our bellies (without better fare)
Will be as empty as their Noddles are:
Though we are silent, our guts will not be so,
But make a Conventicle as they go:
Poor *Colon* Peace, and cease thy croking din,
Thou art condem'd to be a *Chitterlin*,
Unless thy Latitudinarian Trypes,
Conform and turn themselves to Organ Pipes.
Niggardly Puritans! blush at the odds
Betwixt the *Bonners* and the meagre *Dodds*;
You give your Drink in Thimbles, they in Bowls,
Your Church is poor St. *Faiths*, and theirs is *Pauls*;
And whilst you Priests and Alters do despise,
Your selves prove Priests, and we your Sacrifice.
But why do I permit my Muse to whine?
I wish my Brethren all such cheeks as mine,
And those that wish us well, such hearts as thine.

My

My Noble *Babet*, I have choſen you
For my Phyſitian, and my Champion too;
Give me but ſometimes ſuch a doſe, and I
Will ne'r wiſh other Cordial till I die,
And then proclaim you a moſt Valiant Knight,
(Shew but ſuch Mettle) though you never Fight.

TO

A

POEM

UPON THE

Impriſonment

OF

Mr. CALAMY

In *NEWGATE.*

THis Page I ſend you Sir, your *Newgate* Fate
Not to condole, but to congratulate.
I envy not our Mitred men, their Places,
Their rich Preferments, not their richer *Faces*:
To ſee them Steeple upon Steeple ſet,
As if they meant that way to Heaven to get.
I can behold them take into their Gills
A doſe of Churches, as men ſwallow Pills,
And never grieve at it: Let them ſwim in VVine
while others drown in tears, i'le not repine,

But

But my heart truly grudges (I confeſs)
That you thus loaded are with happineſs;
For ſo it is: And you more bleſſed are
In *Peters* Chain, than if you ſat in's Chair.
One Sermon hath preferr'd you ſo much Honour,
A man could ſcarce have had from Biſhop *Bonner*;
VVhilſt we (your Brethren) poor Erraticks be.
You are a glorious fixed Star we ſee.
Hundreds of us turn out of Houſe and Home,
To a ſafe Habitation you are come.
VVhat though it be a Goal? Shame and Diſgrace
Riſe only from the crime, not from the place.
VVho thinks reproach or injuries are done
By an Eclipſe to the unſpotted *Sun*?
He only by that black upon his brow
Allures ſpectators more; and ſo do you
Let me find Honey, though upon a Rod,
And prize the Priſon, where my Keeper's *God*:
Newgate or *Hell* were *Heav'n*, if Chriſt were there,
He made the Stable ſo, and Sepulcher.
Indeed the place did for your preſence call;
Priſons do want perfuming moſt of all.
Thanks to the Biſhop, and his good Lord Mayor,
VVho turn'd the Den of Thieves into a Houſe of Prayer:

And may ſome Thief by you converted be,
Like him who ſuffer'd in Chriſts Company.
Now would I had ſight of your *Mittimus*;
Fain would I know why you are dealt with thus.
Jaylor, ſet forth your Priſoner at the Bar,
Sir, you ſhall hear what your offences are.
Firſt, It is prov'd that you being dead in Law
(As if you car'd not for that death a ſtraw)
Did walk and haunt your Church, as if you'ld ſcare
Away the Reader and his Common-Prayer.
Nay 'twill be prov'd you did not only walk,
But like a *Puritan* your *Ghoſt* did talk.
Dead, and yet Preach! theſe *Presbyterian* ſlaves
Will not give over Preaching in their Graves.
Item, You play'd the Thief, and if 't be ſo,
Good reaſon (Sir) to *Newgate* you ſhould go;
And now you're there, ſome dare to ſwear you are
The greateſt Pick-pocket that e're came there:
Your Wife too, little better than your ſelf you make.
She is th' Receiver of each Purſe you take.
But your great Theft, you act it in your Church,
(I do not mean you did your Sermon lurch,
That's crime *Canonical*) but you did pray
And preach, ſo that you ſtole mens hearts away.
So that good man to whom your place doth fall,
Will find they have no heart for him at all:

This

This Felony deserv'd Imprisonment;
What can't you *Non-conformists* be content
Sermons to make except you preach them too;
They that your places have, this work can do.
Thirdly, 'tis prov'd, when you pray most devout
For all good men, you leave the Bishops out:
This makes Seer *Sheldon* by his powerful spel
Conjure and lay you safe in *Newgate*-hell;
Would I were there too, I should like it wel.
I would you durst swap punishment with me;
Pain makes me fitter for the company
Of roaring boys; and you may lie a bed,
Now your Name's up; pray do it in my stead,
And if it be deny'd us to change places,
Let us for sympathy compare our cases;
For if in suffering we both agree,
Sir, I may challenge you to pity me:
I am the older Goal-bird; my hard fate
Hath kept me twenty years in *Cripple-gate*:
Old *Bishop Gout*, that Lordly proud disease,
Took my fat body for his Diocess,
Where he keeps Court, there visits every Limb,
And makes them (*Levite*-like) conform to him.
Severely he doth Article each joint,
And makes enquiry into every point:
A bitter enemy to preaching; he
Hath half a year sometimes suspended me:
And if he find me painfull in my Station,
Down I am sure to goe next Visitation:
He binds up, looseth; sets up and pulls down;

Pretends

Pretends he draws ill humours from the Crown:
But I am sure he maketh such ado,
His humors trouble Head and members too:
He hath me now in hand, and e're he goes,
I fear for *Hereticks* he'l burn my toes.
O! I would give all I am worth, a see,
That from his jurisdiction I were free.
Now Sir, you find our sufferings do agree,
One Bishop clapt up you, another me:
But oh! the difference too is very great,
You are allow'd to walk, to drink and eat,
I want them all, and never a penny get.
And though you be debarr'd your liberty,
Yet all your Visitors I hope are free,
Good men, good VVomen, and good Angels come
And make your Prison better than your home.
Now may it be so till your foes repent
They gave you such a rich Imprisonment.
May for the greater comfort of your lives,
Your lying in be better than your VVives.
May you a thousand friendly papers see,
And none prove empty, except this from me.
And if you stay may I come keep your door,
Then farewel Parsonage, I shall ne'r be poor.

ON THE DEATH OF Mr. CALAMY.

Not known to the Author of a long time after. Anno 1667.

AND must our Deaths be silenc'd too! I gues
Tis some dumb *Devil* hath possest the Press,
Calamy dead without a Publication!
'Tis great injustice to our *English* Nation:
For had this Prophet's Funeral been know,
It must have had an Universal Groan;
Afflicted *London* would then have been found
In the same year to be both burn'd and drown'd;

And

And those who found no Tears their flames to
quench,
Would yet have wept a Showre, his Herse to
drench.
Methinks the Man who stuffs the Weekly
Sheet,
With fine New-Nothings; what hard Names did
meet.
The Emp'ress how her Pettycoat was lac'd,
And how her Lacquies Liveries were fac'd;
What's her chief Woman's Name; what Dons do
bring
Almonds and Figs to *Spain*'s great little King:
Is much concern'd if the Pope's Toe but akes,
When he breaks Wind, and when a Purge he
takes;
He who can gravely advertise and tell
Where *Lockier* and *Rowland Pippin* dwell;
Where a Black-Box or a Green Bag was lost;
And who was Knighted, though not what it cost:
Methinks he might have thought it worth the
while,
Though not to tell us who the State beguile,
Or what new Conquest *England* hath acquired;
Nor that poor Trifle who the City fired;
Though not how Popery exhalts its head,
And Priests and Jesuits their Poyson spread;
Yet in swoln Characters he might let fly,
The Presbyterians have lost an Eye.

Had

Had *Crack f*——'s Fiddle been in tune, (but he
Is now a silenc'd Man as well as We)
He had struck up loud Musick, and had plaid
A Jig for joy that *Calamy* was laid;
He would have told how many Coaches went;
How many Lords and Ladies did lament;
What Handkerchiefs were sent, and in them Gold
To wipe the Widows eyes he would have told;
All had come out, and we beholden all
To him, for th' overflowing of his gall.
But why do I thus Rant without a cause?
Is not Concealment Policy? whose Laws
My silly peevish Muse doth ill oppose:
For publick Losses no Man should disclose;
And such was this, a greater loss by far,
One man of God then twenty Men of War;
It was a King, who when a Prophet dy'd,
WEpt over him, and Father, Father cry'd.
O if thy Life and Ministry be done,
My Chariots and Horsmen, strength is gone.
I must speak sober words, for well I know
If Saints in Heaven do hear us here below,
A lye, though in his Praise, would make him frown,
And chide me, when with *Jesus* he comes down
To judge the World. —— This little, little He,
This silly, sickly, silenc'd *Calamy*,
Aldermanbury's Curate and no more,
Though he a mighty Miter might have wore,

Could have vi'd Intereſt in God or Man,
With the moſt pompous Metropolitan:
How have we known him captivate a throng,
And made a Sermon twenty thouſand ſtrong;
And though black-mouths his Loyalty did charge,
How ſtrong his tug was at the Royal Barge,
To hale it home, great *GEORGE* can well atteſt,
Then, when poor Prelacy lay dead in's neſt;
For if a Collect could not fetch him home,
Charls muſt ſtay out, the Intereſt was mum.
Nor did Ambition of a Miter, make
Him ſerve the Crown, it was for Conſcience ſake.
Unbribed Loyalty! his higheſt reach
Was to be Maſter *Calamy*, and preach!
He bleſs'd the King, who Biſhop him did name,
And I bleſs him who did refuſe the ſame.
O! had our Reverend Clergy been as free
To ſerve their Prince without Reward, as he,
They might have had leſs Wealth with greater Love:
Envy, like Winds, endangers things above;
Worth, not Advancement doth beget eſteem;
The higheſt Weathercock the leaſt doth ſeem.
If you would know of what diſeaſe he dy'd,
His grief was Chronical it is reply'd.
For had he opened been by Surgeons art,
They had found *London* burning in his heart;

How

How many Messengers of death did he
Receive with Christian Magnanimity!
The Stone, Gout, Dropsie, Ills which did arise
Porm Griefs and Studies, not from Luxuries;
The Megrim too, which still strikes at the Head;
These he stood under, and scarce staggered.
Might he but work, though loaded with these Chains,
He Pray'd and Preach'd, and sung away his pains.
Then by a fatal Bill he was struck dead,
And though that blow he ne'r recovered,
(For he remained speechless to his close)
Yet did he breath, and breath out Prayers for those
From whom he had that wound: he liv'd to hear
An hundred thousand buried in one Year,
In his Dear City, over which he wept,
And many Fasts to keep off Judgments kept;
Yet, yet he liv'd, stout heart, he liv'd to be
Depriv'd, driv'n, and kept out, liv'd to see
Wars, Blazing-Stars, Torches, which Heav'n ne'r burns,
But to light Kings or Kingdoms to their Urns.
He liv'd to see the Glory of our Isle,
London consumed in its Funeral Pile.
He liv'd to see that lesser day of Doom,
London, the Priests Burnt-sacrifice to *Rome*;

That blow he could not ſtand, but with that Fire,
As with a Burning Feaver, did expire
Thus dy'd this Saint, of whom it muſt be ſaid,
He dy'd a Martyr, though he dy'd in's bed.
So Father *Eli* in the Sacred page
Sat quivering with fear, as much as age,
Longing to know, yet loth to ask the News,
How it far'd with the Army of the *Jews*.
Iſrael flies, that ſtruck his Palſie-head:
The next blow ſtunned him, *Your Sons are dead*;
But when the third ſtroke came, *The Ark is loſt*;
His heart was wounded, and his life it coſt.
Thus fell this Father, and we well do know
He fear'd our Ark was going long ago.

The EPITAPH.

HEre a poor Minister of Christ doth lie,
who did INDEED *a Bishoprick deny.*
When his Lord comes, then, then the world shall see
Such humble Ones, the rising-Men shall be.
How many Saints whom he had sent before,
Shouted to see him enter Heavens door:
There his blest Soul beholds the face of God,
While we below groan out our Ichabod.
Under his burned-Church his Body lies,
But shall it self a glorious Temple rise:
May his kind flock when a new Church they make,
Call it St. Edmundsbury *for his sake.*

R. W.

THE

Loyal Non-conformiſt;

OR

An Account what he dare ſwear and what he dare not ſwear.

Publiſhed in the year, 1666.

I Fear an Oath, before I ſwear to take it;
And well I may, for tis the Oath of God:
I fear an Oath, when I have ſworn, to break it:
And well I may, for Vengeance hath a Rod.

And yet I may ſwear, and muſt too, 'tis due
Both to my Heav'nly, and my Earthly King;
If I aſſent, it muſt be full and true;
And if I promiſe, I muſt do the thing.

I am no *Quaker*, not at all to ſwear;
Nor *Papiſt*, to ſwear Eaſt, and mean the Weſt;
But am a *Proteſtant*, and ſhall declare
What *I cannot*, and what *I can* proteſt.

I never Will endeaver Alteration
Of Monarchy, nor of that Royal Name,
Which God hath choſen to command this Nation,
But will maintain his Perſon, Crown and Fame:

What he commands, if *Conſcience* ſay not nay.
(For *Conſcience* is a greater King than he)
For *Conſcience-ſake*; not *Fear*, I will obey;
And if not *Active*, *Paſſive* I will be.

I'll pray that all his Subjects may agree,
And never more be crumbled into parts;
I will endeavour that his Majeſty
May not be King of *Clubs*, but King of *Hearts*.
The *Royal Oak* I ſwear I will defend;
But for the *Ivy* which doth hug it ſo,
I ſwear that is a Thief, and not a friend,
And about Steeples fitter far to grow.

The Civil-Government I will obey;
But for Church-Policy I ſwear I doubt it;

And if my Bible want th' *Apocrypha*,
I'l swear my Book may be compleat without it.

I dare not swear Church-Government is right
As it should be; but this I dare to swear.
(If they should put me to't) the Bishops might
Do better, and be better than they are.

Nor will I swear for all that they are worth,
That Bishopricks will stand, and Doomsday see;
And yet I'l swear the Gospel holdeth forth
Christ with his Ministers till then will be.

That *Peter* was a Prelate they aver;
But I'l not swear't when all is said and done:
But I dare swear, and hope I shall not err,
He preach'd a hundred Sermons to their one

Peter a Fisher was, and he caught Men:
And they have Nets, and in them catch Men too;
Yet I'le not swear they are alike, for them
He caught he sav'd: these catch, and them undo.
I dare not swear that Courts Ecclesiastick
Do in their Laws make just and gentle Votes;

But

But I'le be ſworn that *Burton*, *Pryn* and *Baſtwick*
Were once *Ear-witneſſes* of harſher Notes,

Archdeacons, Deans and Chapters are brave men,
By Canon, not by Scripture: but to this,
If I be call'd, I'l ſwear, and ſwear agen,
That no ſuch *Chapter* in my Bible is.

I'll not condemn thoſe *Presbyterians*, who
Refuſed Biſhopricks, and might have had'em;
But Miſtris *Calamy* I'll ſwear doth do
As well as if ſhe were a *Spiritual Madam*.

I will not ſwear, that they who this Oath take,
Will for Religion e're lay down their Lives:
But I will ſwear they will good Juglers make,
Who can already ſwallow down ſuch Knives.

For Holy Veſtments I'll not take an Oath
Which Linen moſt Canonical may be;
Some are for *Lawn*, ſome *Holland*, ſome *Scotſ-cloth*;
And *Hemp* for ſome is fitter than all three.

Paul had a Cloak, and Books, and Parchments too;
But that he wore a *Surplice* I'll not ſwear,
Nor that his Parchments did his *Orders* ſhew,
Or in his Books there was a *Common-Prayer*.

I owe assistance to the King by Oath;
And if he please to put the Bishops down,
As who knows what may be, I should be loth
To see *Tom Beckets* Miter push the Crown.

And yet Church-Government I do allow,
And am contented Bishops be the men;
And that I speak in earnest, here I vow
Where we have one, I wish we might have ten.
In fine, the Civil Power I'll obey,
And seek the Peace and welfare of the Nation:
If this won't do, I know not what to say,
But farewel *London*, farewel *Corporation*.

R. W.

THE

The Recantation of a Penitent *Proteus*, or the Changling, as it was Acted with good Applause in St. *Maries* in *Cambridg*, and St. *Pauls* in *London*, 1663.

To the Tune of Dr. *Faustus*.

Proteus *his Penal Resolution, speaking alone in the Tyring-house before his entring the Pulpit.*

OH I am almost mad, 'twould make one so,
To see which way *Preferments* game doth go.
I ever thought I had her in the *Wind*,
And yet I'm cast above *three years* behind.

Three times already I have *turn'd* my Coat;
Three times already I have *chang'd* my Note:
I'e make it *four* and *four and twenty* more,
And turn the Compass round ere I'le give ore.

Love

Love to *Church-members* I will give no more;
For now I'le only court the *Scarlet Whore.*
I'le ask the *Bishops* blessing; and good-night
To *Thomas Goodwin*, and his *Child of Light*,

Poor man, he wears his Capps too much in's eyes
To be my Guide, No, I must be *more wise.*
On all my *Brethren* I will look awry,
And cry, *Stand farther off* to *Philip Nye.*

Ambition, my great Goddess and my Muse,
Inspire thy *Prophet* all such Arts to use,
As may exalt; Betwixt this and my Grave
A *Mitre* or a *Halter*, I must have.

Tell me (*Ambition*) prethee tell me why
So many many *Dunces* Doctors, and not I?
A *Scarlet Gown* I must and will obtain,
I cannot else commence a *Priest in grain.*

Amongst the *Doctors* I can get no room
Till *I recant*; that is my shameful doom.
Hang shame, I'le do it, and my end's to gain,
I'le *cant*, *recant*, and *re-recant* again.

Now help me great *Ambition*, for thy sake
To *break my sleep*, to *break my Brains*, to *break*
My *Faith* and *Oaths*, and so to Act my part,
That men may think I have a *broken Heart.*

When

When I do preach, my *tears do trickle down*;
But in my *sleeve* (my Cassock sleeves and Gown)
I *laugh* to think how by my *Whining trade*
So many Fools in one day I have made.

Help me, my *Muse*, a *new Song* I desire
By thee may be prepared for the *Quire*,
That when my *Recantation-Sermon's* done.
This *Penitential Anthem* may be sung.

But yet one thing ere I begin I crave,
A benefit which Poets use to have,
That now and then, to make my Rimes agree,
What ends in *Lie*, may be pronounced *LEE*;

The Second Part:

Or, the

Changling in the Pulpit:

To the same Tune.

ATtend good People, lay by scoffs and scorns,
Let *Round-heads* all this day pull in their *Horns*;
But let *Conformists* and brave *Cavaliers*
Unto my doleful Tone prick up their Ears.

Take

Take from my neck this *Robe*, a *Rop*'s more fit;
And turn this *Surplice* to a *Penance-sheet*,
This Pulpit is too good to act my part,
More fit to preach at *Tyburn* in a Cart:

There *I* deserv'd t'have taken my degree,
And Doctor *Dun* should have presented me;
There with an *Hempen hood I* should be sped,
And his *three-corner'd Cap* should crown my head.

Here *I* am come to hold up guilty hand,
And of the *Beast* to give my self the *brand*;
Here, by confessing *I* have been i'th wrong,
I come to *bore* my self through my own *tongue*.

In Learning my poor Parents brought up me,
And sent me to the University;
There *I* soon found *bowing* the way to *rise*:
And th' only *Logick* was the *Falacies*.

In stead of *Aristotles Organon*,
Anthems and Organs *I* did study on;
If I could play on them, *I* soon did find,
I rightly had Preferment in the *wind*.

I follow'd that hot scent without controul,
I bow'd my body, and *I* sung *Fa Sol*;
I cozen'd Doctor *Cousens*, and ere long
A Fellowship obtained for a *Song*.

Then

Then by degrees *I* climb'd, untill *I got*
Good *Friends*, good *Cloaths*, good *Commons*, and
what not ?
I got so long, until at length *I got*
A Wench with Child, and then *I* got a blot.

Before the *Consistory I* was tryd,
Where like a Villain *I* both swore and ly'd
And from *the Whore I made I* was *made free*,
By purging of my self *Incontinent-LEE*.

But as *I* scorn'd to Father mine own Brat,
'Twas done to me as *I* had done with That;
The Doctors all, when Doctor *I* would be,
As a *base son*, refus'd to *father* me.

With much ado, at length by art and cunning,
My Tears and Vows prevail'd with *Peter Gunning*
Me to adopt; and for his love and care,
I will devote my self to *Peter's Chair*.

Cambridge I left with grief and great disgrace,
To seek my fortune in some other place;
And that *I* might the better save my stake,
I took an Order, and did *Orders take*.

Amongst *Conformists I* my self did list,
A *Son o'th Church* as good as ever pist.
But though *I* bow'd, and cring'd, and crost and all
I only got a Vicarage very small.

He

Ere I was warm (and warm I ne'r had bin
In such a *starved hole* as I was in)
A *Fire* upon the Church and Kingdom came,
Which I straight helpt to blow into a *flame*.

The Third Part,

MY Conscience first, like *Balaam's Asse*, was shy,
Bogled and winc'd; which when I did espy,
I cudgeld her, and spur'd her on each side,
Until the Jade her paces all could ride.

When first I mounted on her tender back,
She would not leave the *Protestants dull Rack*,
Till in her mouth the *Cov'nant Bit* I got,
And made her learn the *Presbyterian Trot*:

'Twas an hard Trot, and fretted her (alas)
The *Independent Amble* easier was,
I taught her that, and out of that to fall
To the *Tantivy* of *Prelatical*.

I rode her once to *Rumford* with a pack
Of Arguments for th' Cov'nant on her back.
That Journey she perform'd at such a rate,
Th' Committee gave me a rich *piece of Plate*.

From

From *Hatfield* to *St. Albans* I did ride,
The Army call'd for me to be their *Guide*;
There I ſo ſpurd her, that I made her fling,
Not only *dirt*, but *blood* upon my *King*.

When *Cromwell* turn'd his Maſters out by force,
I made the Beaſt draw like a *Brewers horſe*;
Under the *Rump* I made her wear a *Crooper*,
And under *Lambert* ſhe became a *Trooper*.

When Noble *Monk* the KING did home conveigh,
She (like *Darius* Steed) began to *neigh*.
I taught her ſince to *Organ Pipes* to prance,
As *Banks* his Horſe could to a *Fiddle* dance.

Now with a *Snaffle*, or a *twined thread*,
To *any Government* ſhe'l *turn her head*:
I have ſo *broke* her, ſhe doth never ſtart,
And that's the meaning of my *broken heart*.

I have found out a cunning way with eaſe,
To make her *caſt her Coat* when ere I pleaſe;
And if at *Rack* and *Manger* ſhe may be,
Her *Colts tooth* ſhe will keep moſt *Wanton-LEE*.

I'l change as often as the *Man* i'th *Moon*;
[His frequent *Changing* makes him *riſe ſo ſoon*]
To eat *Church Plumb-broth* e're it all be gone,
I'le have the *Devils ſpoon* but I'le have One.

For many years my Tongue did *lick the Rump*;
But when I saw a KING was turn'd up *Trump*,
I did resolve still in my hand to have
One *Winning Card*, although 'twere but a *Knave*.

If the *Great Turk* to *England* come, I can
Make *Gospel* truckle to the *Alcheran*;
And if their *Turkish Sabbaths* should take place,
I have in readiness my *Friday face*.

If lockt in Iron Chest (as we are told)
A *Loadstone* their great *Mahomet* can hold:
The *Loadstone* of Preferment (I presage)
To *Mahomet* may *draw this Iron Age*.

The *Congregation way* best pleas'd my mind;
There were more *Sheep*, and they most free and kind:
By *Chamber practice* I did better thrive,
Than all my *Livings*, though *I skimmed five*.

Mine Eyes are open now my sins to see,
With Tears I cry, *Good People Pardon me*;
My *Reverend Fathers* Pardon I do crave,
And hope my *Mothers Blessing* yet to have.

My *Cambridge* sins, my *Bugden* sins are vile,
My *Essex* sins, my sins in *Ely-Isle*,
My *Leicester* sins, my *Hatfield* sins are many,
But my *St. Albans* sins more red than any.

To

To *CHARLES the first* I was a bloody foe,
I wish I do not serve the *Second* so:
The only way to make me leave that trick,
Is to bestow on me a *Bishoprick*,

This is St. *Andrews* Eve, and for his sake
A Bishoprick in *Scotland* I could take;
And though a *Metropolitan* there be,
I'de be as *Sharp*, and full as *Arch* as he.

Now may this *Sermon* never be forgot,
Let others call't a *Sermon*, I a *Plot*,
A Plot that takes, if it beleived be;
If not, I shall repent *Unfained-LEE*.

I must desire the *Crack-fart* of the Nation,
With *rev'rence* to *let fly* this *Recantation*;
Our Names ty'd tail to tail, make a *sweet* change,
Mine only is *Strange-Lee*, and his *Le-strange*.

THE PORING DOCTOR, OR

The Groſs miſtake of a Reverend Son of the Church, in bowing at the name of Judas *at St.* Pauls, *November* 5, 1663.

THE *Popiſh* God won,
made a notable *Plot*
Againſt the Church and the State;
Which ſome with good reaſon,
Call *Gunpowder-Treaſon*,
Diſcover'd ere 'twas too late.

Thoſe who before,
Had weltred in gore
Of *Proteſtant Martyrs* ſlain,
Reſolv'd with one breath,
Of Hell beneath,
To blow up all by a *Train*.

The

The *Bishops*, good men,
Were in jeopardy then,
The *Lords*, the *Commons*, the *King*,
Religion, and *Laws*,
For the *Catholick Cause*
To be made a *Burnt Offring*.

Thus swell'd with dispight,
To raise darkness and night,
Heav'n caused the brood to miscarry;
That day big with *Thunder*,
Held forth Mercies *wonder*,
And therefore kept *Anniversary*.

You the present *Lord Mayor*,
And *Brethren* repair,
With the several *Corporations*,
To *Pauls* Church to *pray*,
And solemnize the *Day*
That so seasonably saved *three Nations*.

But *good Doctor*———
When he came before ye
The sacred Gospel to read,
At *Judas* his name,
(O horrible shame!)
He *bowed* his Reverend head.

ſome ſay that his *ſight*
(poor man is not right,
I wiſh that it be no worſe;
But others think *he*,
To *Judas* bow'd th' *knee*,
For love he bears to th' *purſe*.

His *Worſhip* made no doubt,
Where the battel was fought,
When *Michael* did prevail;
But to me it is clear,
For *an hundred a year*
He'l bow to the *Dragons Tail*.

Twelve Spiritual Promotions,
A head full of *Notions*,
With ſtomach more ſharp than a *Sythe*,
ſome of *Biſhopſgate* there,
Perhaps did appear,
Whoſe Cloaths were *pawn'd* for his *Tythe*.

Theſe things ſet before,
And ſome ſmall reaſons more,
His ſlender wit had overthrown,
Nor can he tell how,
To *read*, *cringe* or *bow*
By any one's Book but his own.

What then ſhall we ſay,
Can he *Preach*, can he *Pray*,
Or put to *rebuke* the *Gainſayer*,
Who in reading the Word,
Diſcerns not our *Lord*
From him that was his *betrayer*.

Sure this *doting Fool*,
Muſt once more to School
Before his return to the *Altar*,
Such another *miſtake*,
May poſſibly make
His *neck* to deſerve a Silk *H*——

The fair Quarrel by way of Letter, between Mr. Wanley, *a Son off the Church, and Dr.* Wild *a Non-conformiſt; In the year* 1666.

Mr. Nathan Wanley *to Dr.* Wild, *who was laid aſide for Non-conformity.*

SO the bright Taper uſeleſs burns
To private and recluded Urns.
So Pearls themſelves to ſhels confine
And Gems in the Sea's bottom ſhine,
As thou my *WILD* while thou doſt lie
Huddled up in thy privacy,
And only now and then doſt ſend
A Letter to thy private Friend;
Take once again thy Lyre, and ſo
Let thy ſelected Numbers flow,
As when thy ſolemn Muſe did prove
To ſing the Funeral of *Love*,
Or, as when with the Trump of fame
Thou didſt ſound forth great *George*'s name,

In

In such a strain, as might it be,
Did speak thy self as great as he.
For while great *Cowley* seeks the shade,
And *Denham*'s noble Wit's mislaid;
When *Davnant*'s weary Quill lies by,
And yeelds no more of *Lumbardy*;
While the sweet Virgin *Muses* be
By *Wild* led int' a Nunnerie;
While thus *Apollo*'s Priests retire,
The Females do begin t' aspire,
Pretending they have found a flaw
In great *Apollo*'s Salique Law;
These grasp at Lawrel, only due
To such as I have nam'd, and you.

Dr. Wild *to the Ingenious* *Mr.* Wanley.

WHat jolly Shepherds voice is this
Would tempt me from my private bl ſs,
After his Pipe to dance, while Thunder
Threatens to rend that Oak in ſunder,
Under whoſe boughs in fairer daies
We ſate ſecure, and ſang the Praiſe
Of our great *Pan*, whoſe care did keep
The pleaſant Shepheards and their Sheep?
Is th s a time with wanton ſtrains
To whiſtle forth the Nymphs and Swains
To ſport and dance, while Wolf and Fox
Lye lurking to devour our Flocks,
And *Romes She p-ſtealers* ready ſtand
To give them their *red letters* brand?
Doſt thou not know my ſanguine Son,
What th' *Plague* and *Fire* have lately done?
London hath ſent up ſuch a ſmoke,
As may the Angels voices choake,
And make tears big enough, to vent
Tears in a deluge, to lament
The *raging fury* of that *Flame*,
But more of thoſe that *made* the ſame.
And when St. *Paul* has loſt his *Quire*,
'Twere Sacriledge to touch my *Lyre*.

None

None but a monſter *Nero* may
Over a *burning City* play,
Nor would I ſing, were I a *Jew*,
To pleaſe a *Babyloniſh Crew*.
Now ſince the time for ſorrow cryes,
In this I freely temporize.
So the bright Starrs draw in their light,
When Clouds club for an ugly night.
So all the Birds of Muſick ſleep
On ſtormy dayes, and ſilence keep.
So froſt-nipt Roſes droop and fall,
Perfuming their own funerall.
So you have ſeen a well-tun'd *Lyre*
Swelling it ſelf with grief and ire.
In gloomy air, each heart-broke ſtring
Its own laſt paſſing-bell doth ring.
So when *Bellona*'s Trumpet ſounds,
Our *ſofter Muſes* Muſick drownds.
Sir, by my many *foes* you know
My Poetry it but *ſo ſo*.
But why doſt thou diſdain or fear,
That *Female* brows ſhould Lawrel wear?
Haſt thou forgot that Noble Tree
It ſelf was made out of a *ſhee*?
The Muſes and the Graces all
We of the *Female Gender* call;
And ſo if you have not more care
You'l find the *Furies* likewiſe are.
Nor would I have you wonder why
Our Poets *all amort* do lye,

When

When *Claret* and *Canary* ceaſe,
The Wits will quickly hold their peace.
Vintners and *Poets* fall together,
If once the *Ivey-Garland* wither.
Sweet *Comly* thought (as well he might)
He ſhould have ſhin'd in *Phebus* ſight;
But Clouds appear'd, and he that made
Account of *Juno*, found a ſhade;
And though on *Davids Harp* he plaid,
The *evil Spirit* can't be laid:
Therefore the Groves and Shades he loves,
And his own Secretary proves.
Your next mans temples Lawrel ſcorns;
Since greater pride his brows adorns.
He to *Pernaſs.* bears no good will,
Becauſe it proves a *horned hill.*
The very thoughs whereof I dread
Will ne're be got out of his head.
Gondebert's ſilent I ſuppoſe,
Becauſe his Muſe ſings *through the noſe*,
One ſyllable of which poor he
Did loſe by an *Apocope.*
Wild ſayes, kind *Wanley* you'r to blame
Amongſt theſe *Swans* his *Gooſe* to name,
Yea though his lucky *gagling yaul*
Once help to ſave one *Capital*;
His *love* to *Love* then made him fear
His *neck*, not *brow*, a wreath ſhould wear.
Next he did on a Loyal ſtring
His *Georgicks* and his *Carols* ſing;

But

But now becauſe he cannot toot
To *Organ tunes*, he's made a *mute*;
And though alive, condemn'd to death:
Therefore, *dear Sir*, in vain your breath,
Although perfum'd and hot does come,
To blow wind in a *dead mans bumb*;
Yet as a gratefull Legacy,
He leaves to thee his *Nunnery*,
Not doubting but if need require
Thou'lt prove an *able loving Fryer*.

2. Mr. *Wanley* to Dr. *Wild.*

WHat ſullen wary Shepherds voice is this?
That won't be tempted from his private bliſs,
But arbor'd up in *Eglantine*, while Thunder
Threatens to rend and rive that *Oak* in ſunder
Under whoſe boughs himſelf in fairer dayes
Did ſit ſecure with us, and ſang the Praiſe
Of that *great Pan*, whoſe watchful care did *keep*
At once the pleaſant Shepherd and his Sheep?
Is this a time for Shepherds to retreat,
And ſeek out *Coverts* from the *ſcorching heat*?
Is this a time for an *inglorious ſloth*
To hug it ſelf, not daring to peep forth
Into the open field, while *th' crafty Fox*
Lurks in the buſhes to devour our *Flocks*
And *Wolves* of *Romulus* are grown ſo bold,
To fright the ſilly Sheep ev'n in their Fold?
Doſt thou not know what *crops* the *Plague* has made;
And, *Sampſon*-like, *heaps upon heaps* has laid?
That if Heav'ns wrathful Anger thus proceed,
There will no Flocks be left for thee to feeds
London has ſent up ſuch a darkning ſmoak,
And ſhall it too the Angels voices choak?
Shall it make Clouds ſo thick and dark, that we
Shall never more thy publick Cenſers ſee?

'Tis

Tis *Sacriledge* to rob the Church; and thence
Since you have ſtole your ſelf, what's your offence?
When the *white Harveſt* for *more Reapers* cryes,
How canſt thou freely ſit and *temporize*?
So Stars reſerve themſelves for pitchy night,
When *Phabus* pouders all his locks with light.
So *feral* Birds delight to ſit alone,
Till the Dayes glories are packt up and gone.
So Roſes fall in *June* when troſts are paſt,
And on dull earth lay bluſhing out their laſt,
So the Muſitian ſmothers his *Solfa*.
When he's entreated or to ſing or play.
So when the fierce *Bellona's* Drums do beat
Who has no mind to fight, ſeeks his retreat.
And ſo I've ſeen a long miſwonted Lyer
Sigh its own derge with its own broken wire,
And ſeems to ſhiv'r at th' *downfal* of *Pauls Quire*.

Say we not well, Agues will have their courſe?
Yes, yes, they muſt remember with remorſe
The *Ivy Garland's* withering, dearth of Liquor,
That would make *Caput Mortuum* the quicker.
But why ſhouldſt thou, kind ſoul, be in ſuch fear,
That plump *Lyceus* ſhould grow lean this year?
Haſt thou forgot how fatal the Grape-ſtone
Did whilom prove to poor *Anacreon*?
Which of the *Muſes* or the *Graces* all,
Did ere for *Claret* or *Canary* call?

Is it not sung by the *Venetian* Swain,
How the brisk Wine gives *Horns* to the poor man?
And if you have no greater care, no doubt
You'l find the *Claret* will revive your *Gout*,
And then we shall hear thy *Goose-gagling* yaul
Cry out for help to save thy *Pedestal*:
Then we shall see thee, standing on one foot,
Practise worse tunes than *Organs* ever toot.
This is a vain presage; thou say'st, the Dead
Have out-liv'd this, and have *no Gout* to dread.
But art thou dead indeed? Though dead thou art,
Heark how the *dead mans bum* does let a *fart*.
When as my bashful Muse did to thee come,
'Twas not so kindly done to turn thy *bum*;
To vote her of the *Babylonish Crow*;
And set the *Furies* on her with *ha-loo*.
This 'tis to gad abroad, 'tis just upon her;
Had *Dina* kept at home, shee'd sav'd her *Honor*.
But I'm *thy Son* and must corrected be;
But why then dost thou turn thy *bum* to me?
Dost think thy Son so *sanguine* and *insano*,
To probe thee with a Fistula in *Ano*.
This I should leave to any of the *Crew*,
You may beleive me though I were a *Jew*.
And may my breath be still perfum'd why not?
Since dead Corps smell when they begin to rot,

And he whose Muse such wondrous heights did fly,
That it did seem to top the very Sky;
And though he may have reason to be proud,
Instead of *Fame* did embrace a Cloud,
May he resume King *Davids Harp* and play
The *Tarantul'* of discontent away.
If *Denhams* has so foully bin betray'd,
And his *Inclosure* gainst his will *survey'd*:
May he recover all his Wits and more,
And with such keen *Iambicks* brand the *whore*,
That all may dread it worse than loss of life,
To turn a Poet *frantick* for his *Wife*.
Poor *Davenant's nose* it seems is grown so sore,
It scarcely will abide one smart Jest more.
Well may the *bridge* be down, when time doth meet
To press it with his *Satyr* cloven feet,
And thou with thy *Apocope* art wont
To scatter balls of thy *Wild-fire* upon't.
But shall I not, *kind Wild*, remember thee,
Who hast bequeath'd me such a *Legacie*:
'Tis thine for life, we know thy subtile head
Wills have no force till the *Testator's* dead,
And that none can have ought by thy bequest
Till thou art better dead than in a Jest:
Nor would I that in tenderness to me
Thou shouldst suspect thine own sufficiencie;

Enjoy it freely, since thou hast it wed,
'Tis Incest to ascend the Fathers bed.
What though thou owneſt me for thy *sanguine Child*,
Yet I have not so much my *Sire* of *Wild*,
And thus far is thy *Fry'r* able to see
His *Covent's* better than thy *Nunnerie*.
He's *loving* too, 'tis true, he nothing gives,
As thou, at his deceaſe, but while he lives
All these *good wishes*, such as he can spare.
And if thou hast them, will help mend thy fare.
May every Knight about us, that's inclin'd,
Be unto thee, as Sir *John Baber* kind.
Ten Silver *Crowns* let each of them send thee,
And be so paid for all in *Verse* as he.
May the *poor Scholar* ne're want *Sunday Pudden*,
When he's not like to *preach* for't *on the sudden*.
May thy afflicted *Toe* ne're feel the *Gout*;
Or if it must, let the *Dutch* have a *Rout*;
That thou maist yet (at last) once more Protest
That *Recipe* wants no *Probatum est*.
Maist thou next send me what is worth thy Pen:
May I have brains to answer it agen.
May all that are of such *good wishes* fullen,
Live till their good Friends bury them in *Woollen*.

Dr. *Wild* to Mr. *Wanley*.

HOneſtly done however; though the Stuff
You ſent be *courſe* the meaſure's *large enough*.
The firſt Cup thou beganſt I could not paſs,
The Wine was brisk, and in a little glaſs:
But now to pledge thee I am not inclin'd.
You *Sons o'th Church* are for *large draughts* I find.
Prithee leave off, for thou haſt been ſo free
In ſending ſuch a *brimmer* unto me,
That Sunday laſt, long of that frolick bout,
Thy Pariſh had but *half a glaſs* I doubt,
Beſides the drink *is ſmall*, you've chang'd your *gill*,
I wiſh you'd kept in your *hogs-head* ſtill
Yet, upon better thoughts, *ſmall drink*, is fit
To cool the ſtomack, though not help the wit;
And that might be thy caſe: for certainly
Thoſe *ſalt bits* I had ſent thee *made thee dry*,
Or *ſick*, which made thee drink *ſmall drink*, and ſtrain
To caſt them undigeſted up again.
Twelve lines return'd the very ſame, that I
Muſt call the *Hickup*, rather than *Reply*;

Or, by rebounding of my words, I dread
There is some *Eccho* in thine *empty head*:
Or rather thou my *Cockril* art, and so
The *young one learneth of the old to Crow*.
Nay my brave Bird, thou darest spur and peck,
I wish that *Schrovetide* hazard not thy *neck*:
Now prethee *Chick* beware, for though I find
That thou art *right* and of the *fighting kind*,
Yet thou art not my *Match*, and soon wilt feel
My Gout lies in my *Toe*, not in my *Heel*,
Take this advice before you mean to fight,
Get your *Comb cut*, and leave your *treading* quite.
Thy Barber, or his Wife, if he should fail,
Has skill to *clip thy wings*, and *trim thy tayl*;
And thereby hangs another Tayl, I find
Thy *subtil rose* hath got my *breech i'th wind*.
If thou canst catch *poor farts* that Prison break,
A notable *Bumbayliff* thou wilt make.
Hark, hark, saist thou, *he let a fart*! what though?
It breaths forth *no Sedition*, Sir, I trow;
Nor is there any Statute of our Nation
That sayes, *in five miles* of a *Corporation*
If any *Outed man* a Fart should vent,
That you should apprehend the *Innocent*.
If you so soon could smell the *Ponder-Plot*,
What had you said if I had *bullets* shot?
Fye man! our *mouths* were stopped long ago,
And would you have us silent too *below*?

But

But I displaid *my bum* before *thine eyes*.
Unkindly thou saist, I say otherwise;
For there thou mightst have thy *resemblance* took;
Dead mens blind cheeks do very *wanly* look.
And for the *crack*, it gave, that did but mind thee
To strive to leave *a good report behind* thee.
As for the *gall* which in your ink appears,
That *in our sufferings we are Volunteers*;
I'le not say much, I have more wit than so,
'Tis scurvy jesting with edg-tools I know:
But Sir, 'tis cruelty in you, *to whip*
Your *Brothers back* which you did *help to strip*.
Yet thus your Grandsire *Levi* did before,
Who *kil'd those*, whom his *Covenant had made sore*.
And you know who they were that gave the blow,
And then cry'd *Prophesie who smote thee so?*
We durst not keep our Livings for our lives,
But *they must needs go whom the Devil drives*.
Yea *but we left our Harvest, left our Sheep*,
And *would not work in one, nor th' other keep*.
I answer. No great Harvest yet appears,
I'm sure your Churches hang but *thin* with ears.
And though the *Foxes* breed, what need you care,
When as your Shepherds such *Fox-catchers* are.

For pardon, Sir, my serious soul now cryes,
Your knocking me did make this froth to rise.
Once for my Age, Profession and Degree,
To fool thus is enough, and *Twice* for thee.
Thus great Estates b'imprudent owners may,
When stak'd at Ticktack, soon be plaid away.
Let's wind this folly up in this last sheet,
And *friendly* part, as we did *friendly* meet,
Yet, to require thy *Legacy* to me,
Accept this *Litany* I send to thee.

May thy rich Parts with saving Grace be joyn'd,
As Diamonds in Rings of Gold enshrin'd;
May he that made thy Stars, create a Sphear
Of heavenly frame of life, and fix them there;
May that blest Life credit Conformitie,
And make e'ven Puritans *to honour thee.*
Assist thou to Christ such store of Converts bring,
That he whose place thou fill'st, for joy may sing,
May God love you, and you love God again:
And may these Prayers of mine not be in vain.

On the loſs of that Learned, and Godly Phiſitian Dr. Wilſon *of* London *deceaſed. An Elegy.*

DEad? and I live to hear it and not dye;
Ingrateful Soul, Thou wanteſt Simpathy.
Were it not ſin and Hell to do the Deed,
Methinks I could diſpatch my ſelf, and bleed
Thy Sacrifice, (bleſſ'd Friend)——Oh how my heart
Beats to get out, and follow thee; One dart
The weakeſt in deaths Quiver, now would be
Enough to let my Soul out after thee,
And if I may not dye for all adoe,
Yet let me Swown away, an hour or two
Let but my Soul go after, and look in
To ſee his glory, and return agen;
I muſt be in a Rapture——not to be
Diſtracted, is below his Memory.
A Sigh not big enough to make a Cloud
And that a Deluge, cannot be alow'd;
Fit for this loſs,——*Wilſons* departure hence
Is the Compendium of a Peſtilence,
When Fate doth ſtop ſuch a Phiſitians breath
Call it a *Maſſacre*, and not a *Death*,
Plague in ſhort hand——Hark how the dolefull Bells
Since he is gone, do multiply their Kneels,
The *Bill* of *Burialls*, that week he dy'd
Had it writ, Twenty thouſand had not ly'd,

Shall I then weep alone? come every eye
(Pitty such dust as this should ere lie dry)
Come every Eye, with Tears his Marble wet,
It is not *Contribution*, but *Debt*.

To *Travellers*.

COme all ye *English Travellers*, Surround
The Grave of one, who travel'd and came sound
Body and Soul from *Venice*, and from *Rome*,
Who Travel'd not to fetch diseases home.
But Cures: Who went to study, not to rant,
And learn'd to speak their Languages, not Cant,
Whose rich discourse, ravisht King *Charls*'s Ear,
And made him love him, though no *Cavalier*.

To the *Patients*.

COme ye Recover'd *Patients*, Rich and Poor,
Who us'd or throng this *Great Physitians* Door,
Oh wash his Threshold with your Tears, and cry,
Now he is Dead, we shall Relapse and dye,
Would you preserve your health, now he is gone
Walk to his Tomb each day, and kiss the Stone;
Let Cordial grief for him, distill your eyes,
And drink those drops each Morning when you rise.

To Empericks.

AVaunt ye *Emp'ricks*, and *Quacksalving Gulls*
Whose *empty* heads, have *fill'd* the Earth with Skuls
More than a Plague (the worse Plague of the two,
For men would live were they but cut'd of you)
Do not prophane, the learned *Wilsons* name,
Nor say you know him least you wound his Fame.

To the Colledge.

GReat *Colledge* of Phisicians — 'Tis you
(Less than a learned Colledge will not doe)
'Tis you, (and scarcely you) who knew his worth
Oh! let your general Sorrow set it forth,
In his late Speech, you heard rare Eloquence,
And so did Heaven, and ravisht fetch't him hence
Which if your *Harvey*, had but liv'd to hear
He had lockt in a new life at the Ear.
Suffer not *Wilsons* Memory to dye,
Who gave your Art, it's Immortality,
Who dy'd Phisician, and brave Christian too,
Lamented by two *Englands*, Old and New,

R. W.

Upon the Re-building the City, The Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, And the Noble Company of Batchelors with him, May 5. 1669.

NOr could *Prometheus*, when he would have
From jealous *Jupiter* a living cole (ſtole
To animate his well diſſembled clay,
Either prevail, or go unplagu'd away,
Nor when proud Nature to recruit the earth (birth,
And brave Heaven, brought forth *Giants* at each
(Thoſe ſtalking *Mountains*, ſons of ſlime and mud
The Reliques of the univerſal Floud)
Setting them all to work, as ſoon as born
Then when their *Highneſſes*, did not think ſcorn
To tread the *Mortar*, and were *Maſons* made
And *Bricklayers*——the only thriving Trade,
Though they deſign'd, with high and pointed Towers
To pierce & ſtab thoſe clouds, whoſe mighty ſhowers
Had drown'd their Fathers, and to climb ſo high,
Till they pickt Stars (like Cowſlips) from the ſky,
Could they prevent their fooliſh *Babels* fall,
But were turn'd *canting*, *wandring Gypſies* all
Nor ſhalt thou better ſpeed (proud *Rome*) not Thou,
Though thou haſt carried Empire on thy brow,

And

And with thy *Cannons* made all Monarchs quake
As thunder doth the trembling Mountains ſhake:
No, though thy head, thy lofty head thou raiſe
To try thy horned ſtrength with *Cynthia's*,
No though thy Father be the Prince of th' Air
And with thee doth his vaſt Dominion ſhare;
No, though thy Eagles wings thou ſtrech as wide
As *Sol* his beams, or *Neptune* doth his Tyde;
No, though thy greedy cruel breed be nurſt
With the ſame milk thy Founder ſuckt at firſt;
And though thy zeal (Ab, curſed zeal!) aſpire
To raiſe thy *Pope* great *Pyramids* of fire,
From burned Cities; yet thy ſelf (proud Dame)
Who burnt with *Sodoms* luſt, ſhalt with her flame.
Where are thy *Fauxes* in their dark diſguiſe,
Incendiary Prieſts, and ſubtile ſpies,
Who when our *Londons* fiery tryal came,
Like *Salamanders* feaſted in the flame,
And curſt the hands that firſt ſhould lay a Brick
Tow'rds the rebuilding that grand *Heretick*;
Who when great *Greſhams* ſpicy neſt conſum'd
(Though the Immortal founder ſtood perfum'd
In the rich Incenſe) hug'd themſelves to ſee
Our Monarchs martyr'd in *Effigie*.
Now let them ſtare and ſtartle at the ſight,
And bark as Curs do at the Moons fair light:
Let them not boaſt their *Charls la Grand, la Bon*,
Great Brittain can out ſhine them both in *One*,
A Prince of far more gracious Intents
Than all thy *Urbans, Clements, Innocents*,

Upon

Upon whose head shall stand a *Tripple* Crown,
When thy grand Tyrants shall be tumbled down,
Still on our *Thames* shall noble Barges ride,
When *Tyber* to a Ditch shall shrink her pride.
Our *Lions* still are *Rampant*, and our *Rose*
Yields her friends sweetness, prickles to our foes:
Our Citizens shall feast in their *Guild-Hall*,
And eat *Geese*——Patrons of thy *Capital*.
Justice and Mercy now shall guard her store,
And her *Mock-Giants* she shall need no more.
Th' *Exchange* that Royal Infant, shortly will
Her own and forreign Language speak with skill;
And on that *Acre* the Noon Sun shall see
All his long Travels in Epitomie;
We have our *Newgate* and old *Tyburn* too,
Ready to serve their *Turns* who *turn* to you.
Kind heaven and all the Elements conspire
(And such conspiracy's we may desire)
To make our City fairer, stronger, higher,
The Sun gets up each morn at peep of day
To oversee the VVork, and late doth stay
Before he lets the Labourers retreat,
As if he undertook the work by th' *Great*.
The earth gives clay, the water moistens it;
The gentle Air tempers, and makes it fit,
And then the fire, as if it meant to make
Full Satisfaction, and revenges take
Upon it self, (though in a smother'd way
As modest Thieves their injuries repay)

Works in the *Brick-kilns*, works till it grow ſick,
And fainting dyes, leaving on every *Brick*
And every *Tyle* a laſting *Bluſh*--as who
Would ſay, for former *Miſchiefs* this I do.
Nor doth the Sun alone the Work o're ſee,
But there is *One* as vigilant as he,
A *Pious*, *Loyal*, *Wiſe*, *Juſt May'r*, a Lord
Who like *Zerrubabel* with awful ſword
Defends the *Trowel*, whoſe ſweet voice hath power
As *Orpheus* had to raiſe his *Theban* Towers)
To make the teeming bowels of the earth
Shoot up new *Buildings* by an eaſie *birth*.
He guards the *Sabbaths* with an holy care,
And bleſſeth all the week by that *Days* pray'r;
His *Magiſtracy* lyes not in his Train,
His ſtately Steed, his Scarlet, or his Chain;
He, and his ſword in Velvet faſt a ſleep,
But watchful, God's peace and the Kings to keep;
With a ſtrict hand the Ballance he doth hold,
Trying the *Cauſe* how weighty, not the Gold:
As he with virtue meets, or with offence,
So do his looks or ſmiles, or frowns diſpence,
His ſmoother Chin carrying as grave a grace,
As the *Dioceſans* well bearded face.
Boaſt on (*old Beldame Rome*) and brag--Thou haſt
Thouſands of Sons and Daughters pure and chaſt,
Yet thou ſhalt find for all their ſingle Lives,
But little *Virgin Honey* in their *Hives*:
Thoſe thieviſh *Drones* thy *Fryars* without wings,
Creep to thy *Nuns*, and leave behind their *ſtings*.

Thou

Thou hast thy *Joan's* as well as *Popes*---Fame says,
Thy *Innocents* have their *Olimpia's*.
But *London* which the Nuptial Band allows,
And hates to lock her Virgins up in Vows,
Can glory in her *Batchelor Lord May'r*,
Chast as the *Dove*, though of the *Ravens Hair*:
The *Widow City* is his *Spouse*----and He
Cares for her *Children* and great *Family*;
Nor doth he stand (although he lyes) alone
(He were a *Phœnix* if he were but *One*)
But as the *Moon*, when she her progress goes,
The *Court of Stars*, as her Attendants shows:
So when *Beloved Turner* please to call,
Great Troops of *Batchelors* adorn his Hall;
None *malt content*, and yet *Male Virgins* all)
On *May*'s fifth day (Oh, 'twas a wondrous sight!)
Three hundred *Virgins*, *Virgins* day and night;
Virgins in *Breeches*, *Virgins* all as true,
As she for whom *Saint George* the *Dragon* slew;
Some hoary old, some young, but all were chast
Either above, or underneath the wast;
None of them had they been in *Scottish* School,
Had *grunted* in the *Penitential Stoll*;
None, had they liv'd in times of *Commutation*,
Had pay'd a stone to *Pauls* for *Fornication*.
None from an *Ordeal* Tryal need to fly
That *Purgatory fire*, of Chastity;
None free of *Cresswel Colledge*, not a Man
Need fear to meet a *Nurse* or some *Trappan*;

None

None of them all, (for ought the Poet knows)
Wears (though anothers Hair) anothers Nose.
My *Lord* himself, and all his Guests, I think,
In the same Cup, might without danger drink;
Yet none, (if called lawfully) but can
Beget a Son, may prove an *Alderman*.
The Sons of Peace, and Sons of *Mars*, if *Charls*
Please to take notice of his *Neighbours* snarls
Came not to shew their Valour in his Hall,
To combate *Custard*, batter *Past Wall*:
To try the Issue of an equal *Bet*
Whether their *Teeth*, or *Knives* were sharpest set:
To take the *Red-coat Lobsters* by the back
And with bold hands, their clattering *Armour* crack,
But their chief errand was, to pray he would
Command their persons and accept their *Gold*.
And if their Votes and mine were current, He
Sould their *Perpetual Dictator* be.
But if the scarlet *Sphere* must turn about
(Though turning round makes giddy heads I doubt)
Yet his *Exemplar* Government shall stand,
And teach Succeessors how they should command.
A *Virgin Queen*, and *Batchelor Lord Mayor*,
To *England* are as prosperous as rare,
She made the *City* love the *Court*, and He
The *Court* the *City* by his Loyalty.
He a wise Imitator of his King,
Finds Moderation is a healing thing.
Oh, if our *Churches Overseers* would yield
And let poor Labourers come forth and build,

Such

Such as *untempered Mortar* dare not uſe,
Nor for Foundations, *Straw* and *ſtubble* chuſe;
Though every ſtone *across* they do not lay,
But ſome work one, and ſome another way,
Our *New Jeruſalem* ſhould ſoon behold
Sion in glory, though it wanted *Gold*.
Hard upon Hard, no laſting work will make,
Nor can one *Flint* another kindly break:
But Moderation is a *Cement ſure*,
'Tis that which makes the *Univerſe* endure
That makes our *Climate* prove a *temperate Zone*
Betwixt the *Torrid*, and the *Frigid* One.
If we all build up *Pater-noſter-Row*,
We may let *Ave Mary Corner* go;
Black and *White Fryars* did together ſtand,
And may again, if wiſdom might command,
If not, I'le ſay no more, but this will ſwear,
Bedlam and *Biſhopſgate* neer Neighbours are.

FINIS.